Dayananda Centenary Edition.

GLIMPSES OF DAYANANDA

CHAMUPATI

DAYANAND-MATHRADASS COLLEGE, MOGA

SESSION 1926-1927.

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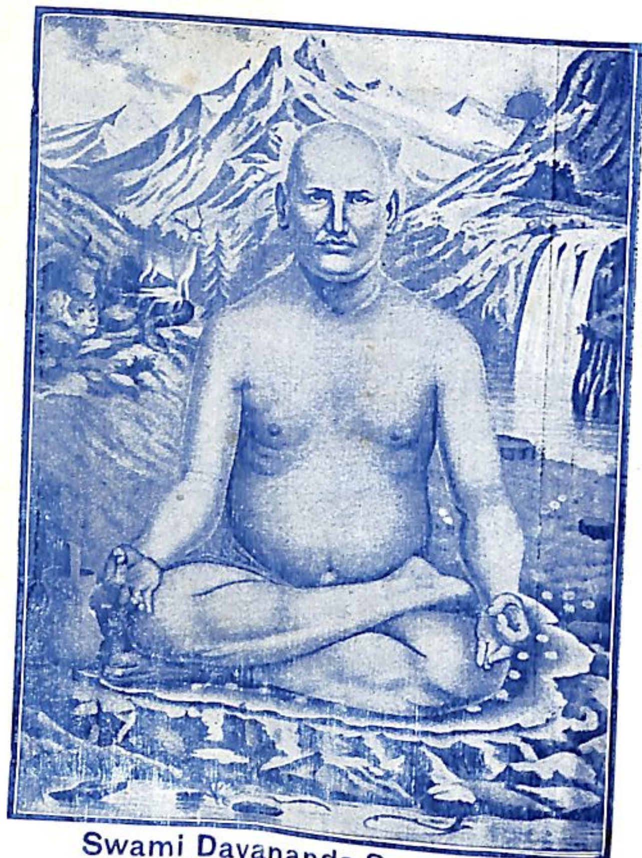
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Swami Dayananda Saraswati.

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BY

CHAMUPATI, M. A.

OF THE DAYANANDA SEVA SADAN.

Publisher :

[illegible] Manager, Arya Pustakalaya, Anarkali, Lahore.

Printed by

[illegible] Nand Kishore at the Indian Printing Works,
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AT HIS FEET.

Next year it will be a hundred years since you, my Lord, began your LEELA on earth. The LEELA, you said, was good. It was the LEELA of the Lord. All these days I have thought of that LEELA, and often found myself lost in it. I wish I could live that LEELA.

And now the news is you are coming. Are you? What else should the coming Centenary mean? To me it is nothing else but your coming, the coming of my Lord, THE LORD OF THE GOOD LEELA.

And how shall I welcome thee on the day of thy return to me—shall I say, TO MY ARMS? With hankering eyes I wait for thee—eyes that have treasured glimpses of thy glorious LEELA. What more befitting to be my present than these glimpses glistening which I have in my bewilderment, chased these long dark days, and derived from them light on the path.? Will you discard the present, my Lord, or accept it? Were not the glimpses thine, I could not have dared to present them. The glimpses claim to be of thee. Are they, in sooth, of thee, thy very THEE?

Gurudatta Bhawan, Lahore. }
November, 27th 1925. } *CHAMUPATI.*

CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

My esteemed friend, Principal Chamupati, asks me to write an introduction to this book. Does it not introduce itself? Principal Chamupati writes with much greater knowledge than I can claim to possess. What is more, he writes with beautiful devotion. To each one a special light. And to the author of this beautiful book, Dayanand has been a special light on the path of life Chamupati is a *bhakta* of Dayanand. In one of his letters to me the author, referring to his birthplace Khairpur-a town in the Bahawalpore State,- part of which, strangely enough, is called "Sind"— writes:—"That Sind brought me up and then disowned me......In that whole affair my consuming love of Dayanand—the writing of an Urdu biography of the Rishi in verse,-was my sole crime". For the love of his master, Mr. Chamupati is an exile from his native place. "My love

of home", he writes, " I seem to have sacrificed". But he characteristically adds :— " Have I not at the cost of that narrower love found a greater, a broader love, a love more exhilarating,—I mean the love of Dayanand? And when I point to this love I have pointed to what is lovable in man. Only, I doubt my worthiness of this love". Does not this sound a true authentic note of *bhakti*? ' Glimpses of Dayanand "—is the author's name for his book. I would call it " Pictures of Dayanand". Each chapter is a picture, and each picture is drawn with that true art which combines knowledge with love.

Long after the political controversies of our days are forgotten, Modern India will be remembered by the names of a few sages and heroes of action. One of them, I believe, was Rishi Dayanand. Meditating on him I have recalled the words in *Narad Bhakti Sutras* :—*Worship God at all times with all your heart and with all your mind.*

Rishi Dayanand's greatness, to my mind, was this, he worshipped God with all his *mind* and all his *heart*. He had a *spiritual mind*, and so could

interpret the genius of his Race. In the Vedic Renaissance which he initiated, he gave a high place to *knowledge*. But he was careful to urge that true knowledge must become an *energy*, a *shakti* for the service of the race. Hence, too, his emphasis on the Aryan type of education. We know now that the current system of education has proved unsatisfactory. In many cases, it has created a false character. Rishi Dayanand was for an Aryan type of culture and, therefore, for Gurukuls. And he worked hard to spread joy among his people. He found them unhappy. Widows and orphans and outcastes and poor men in the villages ;—he wished to make them happy, and he took to them the great message of Aryan Wisdom. The Vedic prayer with which he concluded his *Satyarth Prakash*, expressed, I believe, his dominant aspiration :—

> *Mayst Thou, O God the Friend of all, the Holy Spirit, the World-Guide,—mayst Thou be merciful unto us! Mayst Thou, World-spirit and World-Support, grant us knowledge and power!*

Knowledge *and* Power ! But looking around him Dayanand found devitalising customs and creeds. He preached a message of *shakti*. He restored to its beautiful original meaning the word *dharma* which, as we read in the Vaisheshka, is meant atonce to secure "progress in this world, and salvation in the next." *Religion is Manhood.* And in turning away from the true spirit of religion, the ancient Hindu race has suffered in strength and manhood. There are mental and moral habits which have weakened Hindu society. These must be shaken off. Think of the harm due to early marriage. There are wrongs our society has inflicted upon women and the submerged classes. In them lies imprisoned the *shakti*, the *strength* we need. Not without reason has *shakti* being represented in the Scriptures as female. A great patriot of Ireland said :—

Not by head alone do nations live; not by clothes, nor respectabilities; not by the name of nationality, but its substance; not by instalments of nationality served up with claptrap, not by loud-roused screechings or profuse self-conceit,—but by the hard reality of hard work and sacrifice.

Hard work and sacrifice will save the Hindus. Not talk. Not paper-resolutions. Not processions and demonstrations. Not bluff and mutual quarrels. All these are weakening. The call of the hour is :—*Be strong physically and mentally and spiritually.* Physically : therefore build your bodies. Mentally : therefore learn to think for yourselves, nor make your reason a slave to even the greatest among you. Spiritually : therefore be unselfish. For spirituality is unselfish service. The imprisoned womanhood and the submerged class call for those who would serve. And Hindus must soon re-build their *manhood*, or commit race-suicide. It is a *Message of Manhood* Swami Dayanand preached to his people.

There was in him a battle-spirit ; he gave a bold fight to what he believed to be devitalising customs and creeds. Dayanand was a warior-saint. Critics accuse him of "intolerance" ; but he says distinctly that his sole aim was to "further the cause of truth and eradicate error, and not injure the feelings of others or do them harm." "All that is true and worthy of acceptance to all", he adds, "is alike in all religions". In a statement

of his "Beliefs", he says.—"That alone I hold to be acceptable which is worthy of being believed by all men in all ages. I do not entertain the least idea of forming a new religion or sect. My sole aim is to believe in Truth and help others to do the same." He was eager to serve the Truth as he saw it.; and in his heart was love for all. Rev. Scott was a friend of Dayanand and Magistrate at Farikhabad. The bazar of that town was being repaired. In one of the streets was a shrine of a departed Hindu Sadhu, and many came there to worship it. A disciple of Dayanand said to him ;—"Rev. Scott is your friend ; if you will but give him a hint, this shrine will be removed from the street, and idolatory will cease". Dayanand's answer was worthy of his lofty ideals. He said :—"To do anything by crooked and unjust means is *adharma*. Muslim kings destroyed by force thousands of Hindu temples and shrines, but did not succeed in abolishing idol-worship. My work is to break not temples of brick but idols in the temples of the minds of men". Dayanand had too much reverence for God to do harm to any man, any community. And he had too

great a passion for Truth to mince matters or speak soft words of sweet insincerity.

Souls like Dayananda come inevitably in conflict with ecclesiasticism. Dayananda knocked over the priests and pandits with his trenchent scholarship and humour. But he *attacked* only to *purify* Hinduism ; he destroyed only to rebuild Hindu Society on a surer foundation.

This he found in the Religion of the Rishis. As Principal Chamupati points out :—

He believed in his heart of hearts that the sects that composed Hinduism had yet a common foundation. They all derived their fundamentals from the commandments of the Veda. Each sect professed to be so derived. He, therefore, caught hold of that common denominator and sought to reduce to it every fraction of the Arya community. His was a bold vision, but he was convinced that the vision was right. Through fighting alone, fighting with the Hindu rival sects, he could evolve Hindu harmony.

The common conception of Dayananda as the man who attacked "Hinduism" or made it "narrow," is, I submit, a misconception of the great man and his mission. Dayananda will, I believe,

be regarded in the coming days as a saviour of the Hindu race. "Back to the Vedas, ,,—I interpret not as the cry of a reactionary but as the message of an Inspirer. His new studies in the Vedas called attention to the greatness of Aryavarta, and so created a new pride in India. The recent archeological finds at Harappa and Mohen-jo-Dero are but one indication of the antiquity of the Indian civilization. And during the forty years and more that have passed since Dayanand left us, we have had evidence after evidence in support of the theory that the ancient Aryans had evolved a refined type of culture, a rich type of civilization.. Indeed, the ancient Aryans were great not merely in religion and metaphysics but, also, in technics, medicine, politics and scientific genius. It is admitted that the world is indebted to the Aryans for the symbols of number and the decimal system of notation Heredotus mentions the fact that the Aryans supplied gold to the Persian empire in the 5th century. Pliny says the best kind of glass for the manufacture of burning glasses came from India. Ancient India had hospitals not only for men but, also, for horses and elephants. Persian and Saracen and

Chinese and Greek physicians were indebted to Hindu doctors. Dayanand writes:-" The people of Aryavarta did undertake journeys to foreign countries for purposes of commerce and with a view to settle disputes on international affairs. The present dread of the destruction of purity and religion are due to ignorance." To-day it is admitted by all who have studied the subject that there was ancient connection between India and the West, and the Aryans of India planted foreign colonies.

The secret of this greatness of India,—cultural, political, commercial—was her spiritual wisdom. And this did Dayanand vindicate when he repeatedly asked his countrymen to turn away from the priest to the One Eternal God. " Back to the Vedas " means:—" Back to the worship of One God ".

There exists none superior to the Supreme Being. God supports all creatures. He is Prajapati,—the Lord of creatures. He pervades all the worlds and bestows the highest bliss on all beings. He has illuminated the cosmos with the three lights—fire, the sun, and electricity. He has created the sixteen Kalas or the 16 Kalas exist in Him.

Will India rise again? and be a shaping power in the life of Humanity? Then must India recover the creative power of her soul. This *creative shakti* will not come to the nation if it models its life and laws after Western patterns. To recover a creative power, we must, I humbly submit, commune with the Ideal of Aryavarta, the spirit of her History, the wisdom of her Rishis.

This Wisdom, this Ideal did Rishi Dayananda re-publish in our days. Say not this Wisdom, because ancient, is dead. There is an Ancient that ages not. Say not this Aryan Ideal is of a dead past that has buried its dead. Say rather, this Ideal is a gift from God, and God's gifts do not die. Friends! in this mad rush of "modernism" we have run too far, and no longer listen to the Divine Spirit of the Ages,—Ancient, Eternal, and therefore Ever-New. Advance to the vision of the Rishis,—I say to this bewildered age! For in Wisdom of the Vedas I hear Voices of the Future.

How many earnestly think of Rishi Dayananda and his message to day? Most of the people are

taken up with excitements of the day. Dayanand's Day is not yet. But I believe it is coming. Young men are springing up whose hearts glimpse the truth that the noblest service we may give the nation is the service of Knowledge and Tapasya and Love. How deep was Dayanand's Knowledge! How ardent his love for India and Humanity! And has modern India produced a greater *tapasavin* than this Brahamchari, Dayanand? Homage to him! He was greater than my weak words may tell. And I look forward to the day when the blessed names of Dayanand and other Rishis of India will travel across the seas to tell the nations of the West the message they need. For they have wandered long in the wilderness of power and wealth. And these inevitably end in war. But Greatness grows out of Truth and Fellowship. The "freedom" of the West has fetters upon it. Seek the Greater Freedom, ye that are young and eager to serve! Seek your Freedom in the Ancient Wisdom,—the Wisdom of the Spirit.

KARACHI
January 1925. T. L. VASWANI

GLIMPSES OF DAYANANDA

CHAPTER I.

THE RESTLESS CHILD

CURTAIN rises from over the childhood of Dayananda when his father leads him one evening to the temple of Kubera, for the fulfilment of his first Shivaratri Vrat. The age of the child was at the time fourteen, yet his mother regarded him as no better than a child, a babe. She had intervened for him, though without success, in the matter of the Vrat. The inexorable father appears to have been anxious to exercise *his* authority now that the babe was no longer fit to lisp in his mother's lap. Such parents had Dayananda, mutually contraries in temperament —his mother excessively indulgent, his father an unyielding autocrat. He kept his fast for a whole day, and was determined too, to keep an undisturbed vigil through the night. With punc-

tilious regularity he worshipped the Shiva. All slept away, and he too felt sleepiness coming over him. But he was determined to remain awake till morn. By sprinkling water over his face once, twice, thrice, he tried to keep the sleep from him. The resolution of his father, which in the parent's own case had failed, was found inexorably firm, when it came to the son to give proof of his mental heritage.

It was a small mouse, that in the mid of night came out of his hole and began to take liberties with the mighty God of the temple. To him the trident of Shiva had no dread. He frisked about and ate away all offerings that lay piled before the holy Idol. What was it? The mouse, they say, was the mouse of skepticism. Whatever it was, the faith of Dayananda in the potency of the Idol was shaken. None but a child could have such honest heart-searchings. The elder people have mortgaged their conscience to this formal creed or that. Theirs is an affianced faith, whereas the child has yet to choose his Lord. Mouse, too, was for the child a fit playmate. A child alone could take such deep interest in the sport of the naughty creature. To the elder people it was nonsense —

that impudent frolic of the mouse.

The night of Shivaratri is proverbially dark. To the Arya Samajist it symbolises the dark shadows of ignorance that cloaked Bharat and the whole world, when the child Dayananda with his saving skepticism took birth out of the womb of uneasy credulity under the auspices of the trident-armed Shiva—the Shiva of the Veda who has the threefold power to create, to sustain, and to annihilate—Tryambakam. In the silence of night, when not a sound stirred through the placid firmament, the spirit of truth was taking its impatient birth. The lamp of the temple burnt, shedding a calm and steady light. It alone could bear witness to the struggle that was passing through its stages of inception in Mulashankar's heart. The horrors of Shivaratri howled to Mulashankar.

Mula awakened his father, but the latter, with all his domineering earnestness, could not command his infantile doubts into silence. The spirit of childish roguery was upon him. Ah, that sacred roguery! He must dine. He must break his fast. He must challenge the wrath of Shiva. Had not a petty mouse done the same before his eyes? Class him with the mouse. Better living puerility than inert elderliness. For the loving

child the hospitable lap of the mother was open, his father's stern displeasure notwithstanding.

Such, my gentle child, was the childhood of Dayananda. The mother encouraged the inherent freedom of his ways. The father curbed his innate wayward impatience. The influence of both was to the young boy's infinite good. His heart was softened by those soft motherly caresses. His mettle was hardened under the hard looks of his stern father.

CHAPTER II.

THE GRAVE BOY.

TWO more incidents of the boyhood of Dayananda have come to light. Both times he stands face to face with death. Before those events he had *heard* of death, never *seen* it face to face. What was death like? And first it was the turn of his uncle to illustrate the grave fact for him. Of his uncle he had been a pet. More than all others, except perhaps his mother who, however, was a female, whose function, on account of her sex, was to love, that uncle had loved him fondly. And to-day he lay passing, passing away from this world. The uncle patted him. Alas! this patting was to be his last. How wistfully did the dying eyes regard the wondering boy, whose boyish intellect was not yet ripe for the comprehension of such a vast mysterious fact—*death*.

The boy Dayananda saw the dismal occurrence with his own eyes. Was it dismal to him? The loss of a loving uncle was no doubt a dire calamity. But into the boy's mind a deeper sense had begun to peep. The grief occasioned by the death had stunned him. He felt an anguish that was too deep for tears. They said he was stone-hearted. He bore the taunts with composure. The silent minute or two of his uncle's agony had advanced his age by decades. His boy's brain was busy brooding over problems of life and death—problems which minds older than his avoid and complaisantly shelve when those questionings come to them.

Two years later the family knew another loss. This time one from Mula's own generation—a sister of his fell. She was suffering from cholera. News of the malady having infected the girl, was brought to Mula's father in a festive party, in which Mula too, sat as a partaker of the feast. What a contrast! The change from a feast in the midst of friends to a patient-room, which in a few brief hours was going to become a dread death-chamber! Death is no respecter of ages. Whether it was this or some other aspect of the case which at the time appealed to Dayananda, his heart melted away

into tears. He wept himself hoarse—such is his own account.

Death was henceforward the constant subject of Mulashanker's broodings. The feeling of disaffection from the world, what in *shastric* diction they call Vairaga had, by now taken possession of the mind of Mulashankar. That boyish sprightliness which characterised him in earlier days was gone. The sage that was to be, the Dayananda who in fine, made such exemplary conquest of death had begun to awake in the young bosom of the tender Mula. He had begun to be serious. At one time he was thinking of leaving his home. He would plunge into some deep solitary wilderness, and there in a Yogic trance delve out the secret of the mystery of humn life. *In* his home, he was no more *of* the home.

His father found early scent of the growing detachment of the boy's disaffected heart. Asked to send the lad to Kashi for studies, he categorically refused his consent to that fearful proposal. He arranged instead to educate his son under a *pandit* in the vicinity of Tankara. The lad in an unreserved moment broke the secret of his heart to his beloved teacher. The latter, alas! could not

keep his confidence; as a well-wisher of the family he informed Karsanji–this was the name of Mul's father—of the other-worldly tendencies of the boy's youthful day-dreams. The father in hot haste began to make overtures for his marriage, till at last he had fixed on a suitable girl. The bond of matrimony, thought the old banker, would prove effectual in tying the truant to his home. A day was appointed for the wedlock, in preparation for which the whole town became, long before, a scene of merriment. Mulashankar was counting the days that intervened, with a heart, that with the passing of every day drooped, drooped, drooped. What would become of his dearly cherished dreams of emancipation from death. How could he, an ambitious aspirant, bring himself to settle suddenly down to the humdrum life of a householder. It was just on the day fixed for marriage that the bridegroom, on whom the expectant eyes of all merry-makers were rivetted, without whom the whole drama of marriage became, too, a farce without substance, was found missing. Where was he? Had he really bade farewell to his home—the home that was the cradle of

his infantile affections, the home that was the scene of his lively joys of youth? Where had he found the heart to turn his back on his mother, his relations, his play-fellows, his friends? The boy was missing in truth, and none knew where he had gone.

CHAPTER III.

THE WANDERER.

AND now Mulashankar set out on his wanderings. For the first time was he thrown on his own resources. Before him lay the wide world full of temptations, worries, pitfalls. Behind him was his home, the noisy nest of peace, where reigned the nourishing love of his father, the angelic guardianship of his mother. That love, that guardianship, was preparing to incarcerate him within the loving embraces of a faithful consort. The free-born soul of the wakeful rebel of Shivaratri could, however, ill brook to be shut up within a marital cage. He fluttered out and was glad to breathe of the free air of the open.

He had taken with him a pair of *dhotis*, a burden incompatible with his resolve to roam free. They robbed him—the sweet tongued brigands in ochre robes, whose declared mission it

is to relieve the world of its burdensome loads. A *brahmachari* initiated him into his own order and dubbed him Shuddha Chaitanya. His golden ring, a token, perhaps, of some fondling affection was taken off his finger.

Mulashankar's first experiences of life outside the family fold were thus anything but encouraging. Had he strayed out of his home under the promptings of a momentary impulse of some romantic boyish freak, he had met with sufficient disappointment since to go back on his resolve. There was shame in returning—a feeling of shyness in meeting the grieved eyes of his father, the slighted caresses of his mother. In the midst of a fair his father came upon him and solved the riddle of shame for him, if in reality there stood any such riddle in the way of his return before. Why did he give his father a slip when once his own solicitations had restored him to the lost patronage of the latter's paternal solicitude? The attempt proves that his love of life outside the household pen was genuine.

After his second flight Mulashankar could not be searched. For a whole night he took lodging

with free denizens of the air. In the boughs of a thick shady tree he remained securely nestled, till his father and the band of servants he had brought with him, passed by without noticing his aerial habitation. As a preparation for his later mission, *viz.*, that of return to primitive nature or what is the same thing worded differently, his call 'Back to the Vedas,' this initiation into sylvan life amidst 'bird and beast and fowl' as one of their kin, hugged close to the open bosom of 'mother Earth', under the hospitable roof of 'father Firmament', where the sun and the stars and the wind and the moon have full liberty to indulge in their pure puerile frolic was significant. As a free-born child of a liberty-loving temperament, a child whom virgin Nature recognised as her own, Mulashankar was now in his native element. The son of man, however, unlike other creatures of Nature, requires a special training, a special culture, apart from that imparted to him as a physical being. This, his peculiar necessity, which makes itself felt at every stage of civilization through which humanity passses, was symbolised by the gift of the Veda at the outset of Creation. In the

beginning of every cycle the symbol continues manifesting itself, emphasising the cry of the human instinct for intellectual exertion, followed by mental awakening. Mulashankar's love of liberty was only partially satisfied by his contact with his fellow-brethren of the world-wide family of unsophisticated animal nature. He sought out the society of sages. He sat at their feet, and drank eagerly of the fount of learning, cultural and occult. He practised *yoga* in the company of *yogis*, so that, as he writes himself, he felt his inner founts of spiritual felicity flooding him at times in extatic transportations.

He set out one day in quest of the source of the Narmada. Barefooted he walked on prickly stones. Under thorny bushes he had to creep. He walked barefoot on expanses of ice. The extreme cold of the frozen channels benumbed his legs. Blood trickled through his exhausted body and in a place or two he sat down, unable to walk. His spirit, nevertheless, was not a whit damped. He struggled through hardships till at last he had the satisfaction to reach that crystal goal. Oh the joy of observing face to face the gently oozing

stream which gathers such obstreperous volume as it flows out down, down into the plains! In these wanderings he had to encounter ferocious brutes that live on the flesh of man if perchance they meet one. His indomitable courage, aided by a presence of mind which no difficulties could quell, was his only weapon against these formidable contingencies. How long he fasted and how often, the inhospitable thickets of the jungle alone might know. One day, he writes, he had to subsist on a raw *baingan*. To *maths* and temples too he wended his way. Sometimes he was invited to dinner by priests and pontiffs thereof. He thus had opportunities of observing their ways and finding out what sort of life was led in those outraged tabernacles of religious purity. The minister of a temple had the audacity to offer him meat, the smell of which nauseated him so much that he had to run away from the place in disgustful haste. Another *Mahant* was charmed by his handsome appearence and wonderful mastery of the *Shastras* and proposed to make him his disciple, whereby the see of the temple with all the endowments attached to it would, after the

Mahant's death, descend to him. Dayananda spurned this latter offer, too, with the same wrathful disdain that he had evinced in the face of that former offer. Of wealth he could have a surfeit at his own home, had he simply consented to stay with his father and family.

Dayananda's love of research into the mysteries of physical nature is evidenced by a strange incident of which he gives an account in his autobiography, stating how one day after he had been studying a book on human Anatomy, he saw a corpse flowing in a stream, and with a view to test the accuracy of the statements made in the book, swam for it, caught hold of the dead body, drew it to the bank, and though a Brahman of the Udichya caste, whose disgust of flesh and blood was instinctive, actually tore it. Finding that the construction of the human body as disclosed by a study of the cropse did not agree with the description given in the book he cast the book into the flowing water below. What singular revelations are made by this single incident about the natural temperament of Dayananda. Not a dreamer simply but a physical

philosopher, fond of observation and experiment, he was in the true sense of the term a votary of Nature. Not all that got printed in the Nagari character in that occult language of gods, Sanskrit, was revelation from heaven. The truths set forth in books had to be tested and verified, and if found divergent with actual physical facts, must without hesitation be given up: such was the deep-rooted belief of Dayananda. This very belief was the ground-work of that thorough sifting of facts and formulæ of religion which later led to the foundation of the Arya Samaj, which combines in it the characteristics both of a credulous religious body and a candid truth-seeking society of research.

For fifteen long years Dayananda roamed about in this fashion. The hardships which his self-imposed houselessness inflicted on the homeless wanderer proved a furnace in which his native mettle got burnished and burnished again till it shone out like pure unalloyed gold. A few strokes of a masterly hand of a goldsmith were needed to shape him into a radiant jewel 'of brightest ray serene.' It was at the hut of the blind Virajananda that the gem found itself, the ornament its forge.

CHAPTER IV.

A BOY OF THIRTY-SIX.

AT the door of the aged Sadhu's hermitage stood a boy of thirty-six. He knocked and it was opened to him. 'What for?' was the hurried query. 'For truth! For knowledge! For wisdom!' was the young boy's answer. Where eyes refused to read the physiognomy of the face, the habituated ears did duty as mind-readers through tones.

'Hast read anything?'

Dayananda enumerated a long list of books on a variety of subjects and then said he had read nothing. The vast learning he had amassed had confused him. The spiritual solace he sought was nowhere in that *lettered* wisdom. 'Yes! Books embarrass. Learnig confounds. Truth lies disfigured under that unsupportable burden of hieroglyphics. When hearts open to hearts,

true wisdom flows forth like unto a fount. 'Go, my child, and relieve thy soul of the mass of learning thou hast picked promiscuously out of those entangled meshes of letters. Go this instant if thou wilt learn learning divine. Throw all the nonsense thou hast named, into the Jumna.'

The peremptory tone of the order left no room for wrangle. In an instant Dayananda was outside the hermitage. He found himself immersed in dreams. The horrible caves he had plunged into, each lovely vale, each dreadful dale he had traversed, the streams and rivers that he had crossed, most of them by swimming,—all the hardships of travel and more troublesome still the difficulties of persuasion and humble requests that had had to be borne before the acquisition of each of those volumes—the nonsense had been dearly bought in that age of manuscripts when printed books were rare—stood pictured before him in a quick succession of presentations. Was his labour labour lost? Books that would occupy a shelf in a well-equipped library were to be thrown away!

Dayananda's heart trembled at the prospect. Yet some inscrutable destiny goaded him on. He made straight for the Jumna. Not a moment did he linger in the way. The struggle in his heart became most acute when standing on the sandy bank he found the muddy stream flowing at his feet. For an instant he felt as if he were going to curse the dreadful Daughter of the Sun. Yama's twin-sister lay, her wavy mouth agape to gulp down his literary treasures. Why should it be necessary to dispose of first treasures before laying claim to new ones? Was the eyeless Guru in virtual reality endowed with intuitional vision? Could he out of his resourceless nudity give more than in fanatic disdain he was commanding to be cast away? Doubts troubled Dayananda's heart and yet he could not keep back his hand, which, with the packet of all the books he had, advanced towards the river. Plash! So fell the volumes on the bubbles in the gaping stream. In an instant the darkness of the muddy water hid them from his eyes. And a load appeared to have been lifted off Dayananda's breast. He woke. It was bright

morning. A soft breeze was blowing. The chirping of birds to which life in the woods had accustomed him was once more free. The Sun shone The sky knew not a speck of cloud. Why should he alone be troubled in the midst of such mirthful company?

He had done the bidding of his Guru. In his first transaction, he, the pupil, had not proved false. That the Guru should keep his word, too, was no concern of the disciple to worry over. As he stepped again into the Guru's academy, the latter at once found out—from what? from light steps?—that the pupil was fit for his tutelage. He hailed him warmly, and then began that series of lessons which Gurus of the times of the Upanishads alone knew how to teach and the pupils of the days that ended alas! with the age of the epics knew how to learn.

A few anecdotes of the scholastic career of Dayanand at Virajananda's seminary have come down to us: they are our only glimpses into those studious days of his hard philosophic studies.

Virjananda, they say, bathed at his own school. He required a considerable number of

pitchers of the water of the Jumna to purify his body before he sat down to prayer. It was a rule that could brook no violation. And Dayananda might be seen hurrying to the stream and back every day, whether it was hot or cold, dry or wet. The rule was never broken, by the teacher of the morning bath, by the pupil, of willing self-imposed service. The duty of sweeping the courtyard of the house, too, was entrusted to Dayananda. One day he had swept the house clean and was looking for a basket to throw the refuse out. Virajananda was walking to and fro in a thoughtful mood. His foot by chance fell on the heap of refuse collected in a corner. Was this Dayanand's intentional mischief? The wrath of the master knew no bounds. If in Virajananda there was a weakness, it was his wrath. He drew his stick and beat Dayananda mightily with it. The boy, his age nearing forty, bore the punishment without murmur, and when a third person had pleaded for him urging his age, his *ashram*, as strong reasons for his exemption from physical penalties—this without as much as a hint from him, he

approached his Guru, he too, to repeat that same request. Only his plea was different. He urged the tenderness of the Guru's body, which in striking his adamantine limbs must of necessity ache, as *his* reason for his exemption.

In the seminary of Virajananda there was no arrangement for the lodging and board of his pupils. The small closet flanking, on one side, the entrance of a temple is shown to the Arya Samajic devotee even to-day as the place where Dayananda took shelter of nights during the days of his discipleship at Mathura. The closet is so small, that it is a wonder how Dayanand's gigantic constitution, with a size more than six feet, and other dimensions proportionate to his stature, could squeeze itself within it. For some time his food was fried grams. Later, arrangements were made at a house for his dinner. A gentleman of means promised him his daily beverage of milk. For studying in the night light was needed. Tradition has it that small lamps of earth and flour stuck into the crevices of walls by religious Hindu dames were collected by this otherwise resourceless scholar and made

into one big light which made the written page legible without endangering his eyes. Oil, too, was found for him later by the bounty of another charitably disposed man of means. For about two years and a half Dayananda studied with such means at the feet of his eyeless Guru. He used, when he became old and Virajananda had long since departed from this world, to show the mark of a blow which he had received from his Guru, and which in his faithful filial love he termed his master's affectionate gift.

Of book-lore Dayananda studied only Grammar and Vedant at Virajanand's feet. These sciences could not of themselves forge the bond of endearment that made the pupil his teacher's lifelong adorer. Of the spiritual privacy that the student enjoyed with his teacher, history keeps no record. Under every writing of his, Dayananda subscribes himself Virajananda's *Shishya.* What was it that left such an indelible mark on the scholar's mind. What made him his master's perpetual bondman? Some *master*, some *disciple* may reveal the secret. To us laymen the peep into that occult conclave is forbidden.

And one day Dayananda knelt before his Guru to ask his final leave. Among the Arya community this last salutation is a *Sanskara*—that leave-taking of the pupil from his preceptor. The ceremony over, the pupil lays at the Guru's feet his offering. Dayananda laid his. It was a handful of cloves. What more could a parentless child, a self-made orphan, depending for his daily bread on the charity of others, bring for his—parting pupil's—present. The teacher barely touched it: he refused to accept the offer. His benificience, at once parental and pedagogic, merited a better reward. The pupil thought it was above rewards. Was it? Then only a sincere spirit of offering, the readiness to lay down his all if the teacher demanded it, was what the teacher asked. Dayananda was ready. He would perform the ceremony not only in its symbols but in its spirit. He owed his cultured *self*, aye *the* self that at present was he, to Virajananda and that self he was ready to consecrate to his service. 'Then, Dayananda, I covet no selfish gain. It is the religion of *rishis*, the *dharma* of the Vedas that has through me revealed itself to thee. The voice of the seers of old has been ringing all along: I

was simply its mouth-piece. Make thy offering to that voice. Pay back thy *rishi-rin*, the debt thou owest to that voice. Seest thou? The seers themselves are ranged in circles around thee, around me. Every corner, every inch of the sacred soil of Bharat is the pulpit of a sage of the Vedic Ages. They cry to us for the repayment of their cultural loan. Wilt thou pay it? Pay it to their sons, the human tenants of the earth. Wilt thou?, 'Yes,' whispered Dayananda. Dayananda was now a changed man. He realised for the first time the mission to which gods had been goading him from the first. His vision of the night of *shivaratri*, his wanderings, his toil, his travail had been pregnant with a purpose. The words of the guru were giving that purpose its pre-destined lustre as the guiding star of his future destiny. 'Shall I be found fit when the hour comes?' The Guru gave his blessing. The gods nodded endorsement.

CHAPTER V.

ALONE IN MULTITUDES.

IT was Kumbh, the twelve-yearly fair which on the 1st of Baisakh draws millions of pilgrims from all corners of the Hindu continent. A voluminous stream of worshipful visitors was flowing without break on the bank of the Ganga. From morning till evening it flowed on. In the night the bustle lessened a little, to more than make up the deficiency again in the morning that followed. In that fair you could have a view of the whole orthodox India as in a small cinnema picture. Most noticeable of the pilgrims were the various orders of medicants that had assembled in their thousands They had, to all appearances, renounced the world. Or, what else did their ochre robes indicate ? Some orders there were that had renounced this colour too—mark of their extreme disdain of symbolism. However indicated, the

spirit at the bottom of these sects or non-sects was that of renunciation. To them the world appeared full of misery, full of endless disputes, full of constant discord. Their heart hungered for peace, for harmonious repose. And how had they turned away from that foppery-farce of the world ? The most noted of them might be seen mounted on elephants, clad in splendid robes, having large followings, and quarrelling too, to be given precedence over a rival order in their turn for bath at the sacred steps, the Har ki Pauri. The world on the other side, mirrored in their pseudo-mendicancy appeared to be a replica of the world that they had forsaken. It was only a Moslem heaven they were enjoying. Self-restraint on earth was rewarded with greater facilities for enjoyment in that ochre-robed paradise. The same police that settles, or dis-settles the quarrels of worldly people was called into requisition to do that duty by those other-worldly saints.

Busy on the bank was a class of people that called themselves ' Pandas. ' They too were an other-worldly class. ' Their treasures were in heaven.' On this side of the eternity they had

taken on themselves a none too easy task of helping their benighted brethren—in faith they recognised no brotherhood—to cross over to the Brighter Shore. To-day was the day of the Great Paddling, And they were busy pushing their oars. The fees they demanded were only nominal—in their collective value they might become a considerable amount. Their rites were unintelligible to the ordinary brain. But so too is whole Metaphysics. Who ever saw heaven physically? Things of religion are things of faith. Question and the talisman evaporates. One dip at the sacred steps, accompanied by the necessary concomitant rites was a permit to Heaven. How? Dayananda alone queried this way. He was anxious, too, to find an answer. In the midst of those mighty concourses there moved a lonely *Sadhu*, He went now this way, now that way. Where all were unquestioningly credulous, his restless skepticism suggested queries. Bath even in the limpid waters of the Ganges could cleanse only the body. For purification of the Soul some spiritual wash was necessary. Could the *Pandas* suggest any?

The next day on the road leading to Hrishikesha you could find a flag hoisted up, bearing a sinister insignia, *Pakhand Khandani Pataka*, the Flag to Demolish Untruth. Under it stood the Sadhu all alone, with only a loin-cloth on, preaching, preaching violently. At the top of his voice he stood condemning the superstitious credulity of the pilgrims on the one hand and the complaisant mendacity of the Pandas on the other. He spared neither Sadhu nor Saint. Where these two classes had made a clique between them to bewitch and befool the populace, the future of humanity could be nothing but a witches' hell or a fool's paradise. Har ki Pauri he rechristened Had ki Pauri, *i.e.*, the step of bones, for it was there that the bones of the dead from all parts of India were cast into the Ganges to secure for the departed soul salvation in the next world. The Ganges had power not only over the living; for the dead also it could in its beatific grace make provision.

The Sadhu thundered for days and days. He rent the skies with his denunciation of blind ritualism. He drew large concourses of people.

They wondered at his strange statements, novel propositions. In the Hindu orthodoxy, however, there was room side by side for both enunciation and denunciation, and that of the self-same practices and principles. The harangues of Dayananda gave rise to whispers, talks, and even wrangles, but a faith as old as centuries, a devotion hoary with the ages, could not by these murmurings be in the least disturbed. The large audiences proved simply *audiences*. They heard; they did not practise. To his great mortification Dayananda observed that the crowds on the bank of the sacred stream, may, even on the sacred step increased instead of diminishing. The zeal of the inexperienced demagogue suffered a rude shock. His lectures had been attended by thousands, yet what was the effect? Was it under some such impulse that the thundering demagogue all of a sudden hushed his voice? He withdrew and except for a hurried answer which the mischievous questioning, conscious or unconscious, of a learned fool evoked, was heard no more

CHAPTER VI.

THE ASCETIC.

AFTER his voluntary exile from home, Dayananda had been practially without a penny. As if his poverty had not yet been complete, he took, at the close of Kumbha, a mighty vow of absolute renunciation and asceticism. He withdrew once more from the world of suffering and ignorant activity. On the former occasion he had receded for his own salvation. It was physical death that had appalled him as an apparition, and he had fled into the bosom of 'mother nature' for shelter and repose. In the midst of his roamings he had met a gifted Guru, whose eyelessness had given him vision intuitional, what Krishna in the Gita calls Eye Divine. He was convinced that he was immortal and to test the potency of the charm, he had gone

out to see death face to face once more. The Guru had laid on him the burden of succouring the whole human family. For a huge humanitarian effort he had now left the cosy shades of secluded wildernesses. The peaceful hermit had come out to thunder over the roaring babbles of Kumbha. He had thundered, he had roared. But the babble of Knmbha was found stronger and louder than his own thunderings and roarings. The spectacle was more fearful than that of physical death. Here were masses of human beings, living to all appearences, and yet dead, except only to hollow convention, that haggard spectre embody-ing lifeless superstition. His uncle's followed by his sister's death had driven him from home. His fellow-beings' life—life more fearful than death—drove him from Kumbha. Those that depended for their felicity, both physical and spritital, on a certain stream of water, nay on a step on its bank, not as a poetic flight in an idealistic dream, but in the prosaic sense of men of the world, who sought to physically bathe for beatitude and pressed in an egrigious fashion to a torrent of water, decended as they believed, in fact, from

heaven, who with folded hands prayed to it, prostrated before it, more awful still, made their souls abject before it in beggarly solicitation—these people enacting poetry in a rhythmless life of prosaic disharmony, were a miserable travesty of both poetry and religion.

The spectacle went into the core of Dayananda's heart and stirred its innermost depths. He flung from him the scanty clothes he had. A copy of Mahabhashya too, that had been with him, and which in his wranglings with *Pandits* had formed his sole authority for grammatic accuracy, he sent away to his *guru*. For the redemption of a misguided humanity greater *tapas* was needed than had been sufficient for his own enlighten-ment out of the shadows of Shivaratri.

And now Dayananda might be seen naked, with only a lion-cloth on. After bath he would seat himself in a posture that kept his private parts covered till the wet lion-cloth had dried, for he had no second lion-cloth to replace it. For food he depended on offerings that the accidental charity of a passer-by might perchance place before him. It was so in summer, it was so

in winter, in rains, in all seasons. During chilly nights of Pausha and Magha he might be observed sitting on the cold sands without a shred of a cloth on him. Men in their mercy threw over him rugs, when he was immersed in his meditations, but as soon as he rose from his trance, he cast these away, and was in nature's garb again.

One moonlit night a Christian padri, accompanied by a high official, found him sitting in this fashion. His well-built body shone on the sand as a human mould of health and beauty. The official was curious to know the Swami could in such bitter cold manage to sit without clothes. The jocose vien in the clergyman was hard to control. The latter at once broke out :—"The Swami has abundance of nutritious food—Khir, Puri, Malpua. What business has cold to effect a constitution so profusely and daintily fed." The Swami laughingly retorted :—"Less profusely, Sir, than a Christian father's whose daily grace is pronounced over quartered beasts and boiled eggs. Your food, Sir, is said to generate heat. Will you kindly take off your overcoat, your other coat, your

shirt, your sweater, and all the layers of clothes, piled one on the other, on your body, and test the heat of your dainties in the Pausha cold of the Ganges bank?"

The official felt the point of the remark and at once silencing his jolly companion requested the Swami to please be serious, and answer his query as regards his, what he regarded a miracle of ascetic endurance. "It is simply the force of habit. With all other parts of the body covered, covered again, and yet again profusely covered, you hold your face bare even in this bitter cold. From your childhood upwards you have held it so, so that now you do not in your face feel the pinch of freezing chill. Even so have I habituated my whole body."

What an unassuming answer! Was not the Swami by these exercises preparing the ground for that compulsory asceticism which his zeal as reformer was to impose on him in later days, days of his undaunted denunciation of falsehood and hypocrisy. With a prophet's vision, he had foreseen the force of opposition he would arouse by calling to bay the hydra-headed monster of supers-

tition, a preliminary glimpse of which he had caught in the persistent perversities of Kumbha pilgrims. Not that such life was his ideal. Later when he had established for himself a position, a foothold, he clad himself in cotton, silk and wool, and lived in houses and camps. Human art is the glory of man's capacity as Creation's Lord. Made in the image of God he imitates God; he creates his own world out of the very world that God has created for him. That is his special destiny. Comfort, instead of degrading, exalts him, provided that comfort is not sucked out of the bleeding bodies of his brethren.

It was in the course of these roamings that Dayananda saw one day a woman throwing her dead baby into the Ganges, and taking off the piece of cloth in which she had covered her child's corpse. A shriek escaped her lips as she threw her darling naked into the howling watery abyss. On inquiring it was found that it was indigence, penniless poverty that had compelled the mother to strip her dead child of his last clothing. India's indigence stood painted here in clear colours, and Dayananda to whom the intellectual bankruptcy

of India had disclosed itself in the panorama of Kumbha, saw a living picture of its economic poverty in this heartless act of an otherwise loving motherly dame. His resolve of asceticism was redoubled. The ills of humanity could be cured only by taking those ills on one's self. And Dayananda became indigent, roaming naked, wandering homeless, having nothing that he could call his own.

The sting of poverty can be realised only by those that become poor. If Dayananda in later days could advocate the cause of the orphan, the widow, the dumb sub-human creation, the down-trodden Shudra, anything and anybody that was in affliction, it was because he had passed through that furnace himself. Misery hardens man too. If adopted as a part of ordinary human life, it blunts the finer senses. The motive to remedy the ills of fellow-beings is, by the adoption of such life, taken away. Dayananda, therefore, in the days he was busy preaching his time-worn gospel of the high destiny of man, was humanly lodged and humanly clad. He took ordinary human food, and lived in ordinary human comfort. It were ill-advised

sympathy to weep all sympathy out. Mourning has its place in human psychological disposition. It softens the heart of man, and brings on a mood of kindness and affection. Yet the world has to go on and the affection to be a happy ambrosial feeling has to nerve itself, and fall on other resources than morbid melancholy. Dayananda had passed through that melancholy mood. His asceticism stood him in good stead when the hour came of trial. But he was not an ascetic all his life. Aseticism, as we said, was a preparation for the hard knocks of a life of cheerful toil. It could not by itself be a goal, as some sects seem to have assumed it is.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ICONOCLAST.

OF Dayananda's asceticism silence was never a necessary feature. Even when his vow of asceticism was first taken, Dayananda had found it impossible to resist the impulse to speak, when a Pandit of the Puranas repeated within his hearing a verse sanctioning an anti-Vedic belief. During his wanderings on the bank of the Ganges, too, he found time to preach. Many a discourse did he deliver to hankering audiences. After the *Kumbha* his main stress was on the hollowness of conventional worship. Idolatry he considerd as quite opposed to the spirit of the Veda. Notwithstanding an explicit refutation of the Veda, conveyed in words than which there could be nothing clearer,—for what else could *na tasya pratima asti* mean— the majority of the followers of the Veda were practising idolatry of the worst

form and description. To Dayananda it was shocking to see his co-religionists stooping and laying themselves prostrate before inanimate objects such as trees, rivers, pebbles. The Lord of creation was, to his unspeakable shame, become creation's bondman. The adoration of these objects was no poetry, not an abstraction of the Vedantist seeking God in God's creation. Of God such devotees could have no idea. The only effect of their adoration could be that their own selves should be demeaned. It was not for nothing that Bharat was in bondage. It had been so for centuries. A community of 25 crores of souls was under the yoke of a foreigner. The Hindu was a *paria*. His solicitous *chauka*, his punctilious abstention from a non-Hindu's touch, his self-conceit of an inherent superiority—all these vanities galled Dayananda, when he saw the pure Hindu, the immaculate touch-me-not Hindu, employing himself as simply a drawer of water and hewer of wood for the rest of humanity. A Hindu making obeisance in Hindustan before a German, a French, a Swiss, an Irish, an English, an American, an Australian, anybody that was not

an Indian! To Dayananda this sight was extremely heart-harrowing. This, too, was the nation that boasted of the heritage of *rishis*. In their custody was God's first and only revelation. With their rise and fall was bound up the rise and fall of the whole Vedic culture. The Hindu, that picture of abject humility, could not be expected to raise high the pedestal of the Veda.

To Dayananda it appeared that for the Hindu's whole humiliation his own spirit of idolatry was responsible. He that bowed before idols would of necessity bow before men. The practice was killing his very sentiment of self-respect. He that feared the very worms in his house could not bear arms against an armed enemy. Dayananda therefore raised his voice first against this self-humiliating practice. Many a controversy did he enter. He fought with the orthodox wherever they questioned the authenticity of his statements as regards the injunctions of the Shastras. His march through the villages of the Gangetic plain was a series of wrangles about the religion of the Veda.

One orthodox *Pandit*, Hira Vallabh by name,

engaged with him in a *Shatsric* contest at Karanvas. His learning of the *Shastras* was great. He was aided, too, by nine more scholars of his own stamp. He brought with him a stone idol, and vowed that he would not rest till he had made Dayananda a worshipper of his god of stone. The wrangle lasted for more than a week and occupied about nine hours a day. The fluency with which the parties spoke in Sanskrit reminded one of the illustrious old days of India, now alas! a theme of ancient literature alone, when this community of idols was a community of living beings, and their language, now spoken of as the language of gods, was the language of earthly men and women. After this uninterrupted display of learning on both sides, the *pandit* rose, acknowledged the veracity of Dayananda's statements, took up his idol and threw it into the Ganges. In this last act he was followed by almost all the populace of the city. Many idols that had been daily washed by worshipful *Pandits* were for one final bath that would never end, lodged in an instant in the purifying waters of the Ganges.

This scene was repeated at many a place. In his armless iconoclasm Dayananda was working a wonder. The authority of the Veda was his only weapon. His incontrovertible reason above was invariably his armour. Thus armed he went on to meet his formidable foes, and returned, without fail, victorious. A bloodless revolution was thus brought about, the effects of which were to manifest themselves in the emancipation of human souls in more than one fields. The iconoclasm was religious, political, economical—it was broadly human. Under cover of its idols a dead weight appeared to have been lifted off India's breast.

The virtual nightmare of India was its multiform convention. The stone idol represented the petrified misblief of her unthinking soul. Some there were whose salvation lay in ear-rings, others got their whole body branded, thus making themselves the marked favourites of a capricious divinity. To the former the ring would give an easy pull, to the latter these marks would serve as a passport, into a region of unending bliss. Dayananda substituted for these amulets the individual's personal merits, to be won by his own

practical deeds. The slavery of the ring and the mark gave place to unchecked liberty of the self-dependent, self-confident soul.

Not all forms and conventions did Dayananda detest. As a reformer of society, a founder of a Samaj, not of a Váda, *i. e.* ism, he was conscious of the sociological value of ceremonies and rituals. Just as for the fulfilment of its spiritual character the human soul requires a human body, so, too, does the spirit of society require, for its realisation in fact, a body of forms and formulæ. To the ordinary intellect, conception of the abstract is a most difficult task. Minds the most subtle visualise ideas through concrete forms. Sociology is a science meant pre-eminently for the advancement of the minds of the masses. Its chief aim is to knit the common people together, so that in weal and woe they should act in concert. And what stronger bond for this purpose than the ceremonies and rituals that form the physical, concrete aspect of religion? The higher philosophy in its abstruse abstractions is for the advanced few. That for the many the door of the unearthly bliss be not barred, the Arya sociologists have devised

yajnas and *sanskaras*. The *mantras* on which *yogis* meditate in a stace of trance, in absolute seclusion from the world of physical sensations, the *yajman* recites during the performance of his household ritual. In the Gita the difference between the two processes, both of which *Krishna* styles *yajna*, has been very succinctly brought out. Life in the Formless is for the *Sanyasi*, one who is at the last stage of his earthiy existence. In the other stages the forms remain. The Sanyasi cuts off his *yajnopavita*, the thread binding him with *yajna*. By this highly symbolical act he steps out of the world of symbols. What Dayananda condemned was the multiplication of inane and inert forms that had by the clumsy burden of their very excessiveness clogged the progress of the spirit they embodied? The abstract notions they represented were concealed behind the multitude of details that defeated the very idea of representatoin, which to fulfil its purpose, should cover only the broad features of the abstract presentation. Too much imagery, instead of helping the poet's expression, makes his lines

mystic and cumbrous. It mistifies his theme.

Dayananda sanctions forms only so far as they are an aid in the realisation of the religious spirit and tend to make religion a collective concern of the community. In individual concentration the process to be followed is that of elimination of forms. For communal concentration, on the contrary, a concrete centre of meditation is indispensible. Here the path is that of *Pravritti*, attachment. You seek the world and with it the forms that compose it. This will elucidate why Dayananda condemned idol worship for the purpose of personal prayer, prescribing for it secluded Sandhya, while congregations, writes he, should meet to perform *devayajnas* which term, as used by him, connotes all the collective performances of the Samaj. Sanskarvidhi, a book of ritual was compiled to guide these ceremonies. In it symbols and farmulæ find abundant prescription. People ignorant of this fundamental difference between the two sorts of duties, *viz.*, personal and social, point out an inconsistency between the

injunctions of the Swami under the two heads. The inconsistency, if any, is an evidence of the deep sociological insight that the founder of an all-sided Samaj possessed. When you meet, you meet in a body; when you withdraw you withdraw to rise above the body and what belongs to it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE WARRIOR.

DAYANANDA is said to have founded a church militant. His followers regard the epithet as a compliment to, rather than as a denunciation of, their Society. Of all religions Hinduism is thought to be the most peaceful. Divided into so many sects it has a wonderful power of accommodating them all. With non-Hindu religions it never bothers itself. The latter are ever busy proselytising Hindus and thinning day by day the ranks of the followers of the Veda. Hinduism regards such renegade members of the community as so many men and women fallen beyond reclamation. So constituted Hinduism is regarded to be a racial group rather than a religious dispensation. Regarding the Veda as Divine Revelation, *Apaurusheya Jnan*, Superhuman Wisdom, the Hindu has

allowed his scriptures to be treated historically, exegetically, linguistically, as it has suited the whims of the individual interpreter to treat them. This supine indifference on the part of the Hindu has resulted in his own conviction, that his, of all communities in the world, is the one that has no mission, no culture, no message for humanity. His religion he has to borrow.

Not so did Dayananda view his religion. The Arya faith, to him, was a dispensation divine. It was the primitive, and therefore the only, revelation from Heaven. What the adversaries considered its rawness was to Dayananda the very evidence of the perfection of his faith. For, knowledge divine can know no cancellation, no change, no evolution. What were regarded as later rehabilitations of the once antiquated obsolete religion had made no new discovery in the realm either of morals or of spirituality. They had on the contrary led to a strife of sects, a war among communities, which stuck, one to this accretion, another to that local temporary convention devised at the time. His deep insight into the history of his community had

made Dayananda conscious that in the past his religion had been a missionary faith. Of divine dispensation this is the one indispensible characteristic that the religion revealed by God must find its following. It ought to propagate itself. Addressed to the whole humanity, it should attempt to cover the confines of the whole human family.

Led by this feeling Dayananda proceeded to change the religious attitude of the whole Arya race. In total concurrence with none, he believed in his heart of hearts that the sects that composed Hinduism, had yet a common foundation. They all derived their fundamentals from the commandments of the Veda. Each sect professed to be so derived. He, therefore, caught hold of that common denominator, and sought to reduce to it every fraction of the Arya community. His was a bold vision, but he was convinced that the vision was right. Through fighting alone, fighting with the Hindu rival sects, he could evolve Hindu harmony. And when his own community was made one, it could be pitted against all as they regard themselves, non-Aryan churches.

Not that he was prejudiced in favour of the Aryan faith because he was born in that faith. If that consideration had weighed with him, he might have taken up the cause of one of the sects of Hinduism, for he was born in one. It was far easier to join, and help in the spread of, one of the existing creeds, Aryan or non-Aryan. Had he been ambitious, he could have established an entirely new creed which his followers may have named after the ambitious apostle. His church was neither one of those existing, nor, too, quite a new dispensation. He was a follower of the *Rishis* of old, and yet for his time, the founder of a new church. He had to wage war, on the one side, against the whole Arya community which was at the time sunk in deep un-Aryan superstition. On the other side there were the so-called non-Aryan churches preying on the effete Hindu. The latter, complaisantly helpless in the face of the non-Arya, had life enough to resist the attack of a fellow-Arya. He could condemn him, ostracise him, checkmate him, in short render his efforts at reform null and void. For internal strife, for fighting against itself, Hinduism was yet

strong enough. The Non-Hindu it could not check. The Hindu it would not allow to advance. Dayananda knew, self-defence and self-reform would proceed hand-in-hand. He, therefore, set his hand to both the missions simultaneously.

A combat or two in *Shastric* learning, into which Dayananda entered with his *Pauranic* adversaries, we have already had the occasion to describe. At Kashi there took place a right historic battle. While preaching elsewhere, he had been confronted with a *vyavastha* of the *Kashi* alumni. Everywhere, the latter were cited as authorities in religion. Their learning was reputed to be great, and their opinion had the same weight with commonalty, that citation from *Shastras* had with Dayananda. Dayananda determined to attack Pauranicism in its strongest citadel. He was alone when he reached Benares. According to his wont he gave an open challenge to all the *Pandits* there, and began, by a series of lectures, his usual denunciation of idolatry. Now Kashi is known to be a city of Idols. Every little stone in the town is regarded an incarnation of Shankar. On any side you turn,

you are confronted with a temple in which a number of images are lodged. The criticism of Dayananda was unsparing. His commonsense logic went into the hearts of his hearers. His harangues were largely attended, and the revolution they brought about was so great and far-reaching that the *alumni*, who had for centuries enjoyed an undisturbed repose, were for a moment shaken in their *asans* and *gaddis*. Those who had viewed the atrocities of the Mogul and the Pathan with non-chalance, rubbed their eyes with wonder now that their reputation for Shastric erudition was at stake.

The Raja of Kashi arranged a *shastrartha*, a religious polemic, at which he was himself to preside. The *rishi*, sitting alone, with only a loin-cloth on, while before him were arrayed all the notable scholars and men of repute in religious learning of the literary Athens of India, clad in the gorgeous colours of their various sects, was a spectacle to arouse the wonder of gods. What transpired at the meeting may, to the lay reader, prove nothing easier than an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Those versed in the Arya *shastras*

can alone follow these learned polemics. At a point in the course of that debate, a paper purporting to be from a scripture was handed to the *rishi* who began forthwith to examine its contents. The *pandits*, who had all the time been on the lookout, found now their opportunity, and clapping their hands declared that they had silenced the *rishi*. The Raja joined the insidious game and the assembly dispersed amidst shouts and disorder. For the ruffians the time was opportune to assert their roguish instincts. They threw about filth and brickbats. Some inscrutable destiny kept the *rishi* safe. That his adversaries indulged in this unenviable frolic was proof incontrovertible of the *rishi's* moral victory. His logic was answered with brickbats. In the field of *shastras* the collective learning of Kashi had not been his match.

This as regards the opposition that Dayananda had to meet with at the hands of psuedo-Aryas. His mission, however, was not simply to reform Hinduism. In the Arya fold there had arisen reformers and saints without number. Each had according to his stamina, given the dying

community one more short lease of existence. He had made a reform here and a reform there, and had by dint of that reform pushed the wheel of the community a few steps further. A section of the community had accepted his creed in its totality, while to the rest the spirit he had breathed hath serve as a leaven. The inequality of the progress that the two sections had put forth had led to a further division of the society. One more sect had been added to the already large number of Hindu *sampradays*, isms.

Dayananda addressed his appeal to humanity at large. *Krinvanto vishvam a'ryam* : Make the whole world Arya : such was the commandment of the Veda. Arya tradition, recorded in the historic literature of the Aryas, was a testimony that corroborated that time old statement as regards the Arya mission. Dayananda, therefore, made it a plank in his platform to criticise, and where necesary, to denounce what were regarded as non-Aryan faiths. *Shastrarthas* like that held at Kashi had been taking place in India from time to time. In their intensity and volume they may have been inferior to that won by

Dayananda. Viewed, however, from their qualitative aspect they belonged to the same category. The controversy arranged at Chandpur, however, was in the history of India extending over no smaller a period than that which had intervened since the days of the Mahabharat, unique. A *Sadhu* of the Arya community had taken the field against Christian fathers and Mohammaden Mullas. The controversy had from the first been designed to last for at least three days. The *Mulla* and the father had, however, been so completely discomfited the very first day that on the second no vestige of their encampments was to be found in that vicinity. It was for the first time after long that a warrior of the Arya faith had routed the combined armies of Christianity and Islam. The beginning in Arya aggression had been made. The beginning was auspicious. To the eternal credit of these so-called Semitic faiths it must be admitted that their followers introduced lesser acrimony into the debate than did the *Pauranics*. No untoward event ever occurred in Dayanand's polemics with the representatives of these faiths. Of this, however, detail.

CHAPTER IX.

A VISION OF WORLD-UNITY.

IT was on the occasion of the Durbar held by Lord Lytton at Delhi, that Dayananda convened at his camp a conference of the exponents of the various religions, working in his time for the uplift of India. The great Muslim leader, Sir Sayad Ahmed Khan, to whose prophetic insight into the spirit of the age, modern Islam owes its achievements in progressive liberalism in the India of to-day, was there to represent Mohammedanism. Baboo Keshava Chandra Sen, the apostle of Brahmoism, with a few other distinguished lights of his Samaj, Munshi Kanahya Lall Alakhdhari, whose writings had a wonderful influence in liberalising orthodox Hinduism in the Punjab, Munshi Indra Mani, who had taken upon himself the gigantic task of defending Hinduism against the attacks of

non-Hindus, and such other religious propagandists, who dissatisfied with the state of religion at the time, were, each according to his lights, preaching rationalism, and dealing, each according to his might, a death-blow to superstition and whim, assembled in response to the invitation of the great Seer. Dayananda was conscious of the immense revolutionary currents that were covertly sweeping over the uneasy bosom of the seemingly tranquil land. The mutiny of 1857 was not yet an event of the dead past. It had failed of its purpose but had left its legacy of unrest. None dared talk of political emancipation: that topic was taboo. The apparent clemency exercised by the rulers had only emphasised the helplessness of the ruled. The spirit of freedom, however, had, instead of dying out, widened its range. The whole human outlook was now within the scope of that spirit. The soul of India was liberating itself, first in the field of religion. The community of ideals that characterised the mission of almost all religious reformers of the time, working each in his community, and yet helping indirectly the

regeneration of the whole country, forms a very interesting study for the historian of to-day. Dayananda percieved that Sayad Ahmed Khan and Alakhdhari were proceeding just on parallel lines. He desired that the forces of the two should coalesce and by a combination of their divided strengths, accelerate conjointly the progress of their common motherland. The vision was grand, the vision of a united India, purged of its religious prejudices and sectarian partialities, the Mohammedan joining hands with the Hindu to work under the common banner of Humanity for the realisation of a common human end, viz. liberty and oneness. Religious solace, Dayananda knew, was a prime hankering of the human heart. To banish religion from the life of man was an empty dream, a futile hope. To hush up the voice of the soul crying for the achievement of its dearest comfort was an attempt that must defeat its own purpose. Many a leader that has succeeded Dayananda, has to his infinite enlightenment, and perhaps edification, found that the concern which the human masses evince for religion is

no insignificant factor in their lives, not a factor that may be grappled with only by ignoring it. For a time curbed, the hankering has burst into passion and disturbed the political atmosphere with a suddenness and violence quite unforeseen and unprovided against. Dayananda wanted to strike at the root of human animosity. Religion, he knew, was the lever that lent to all human enthusiasm its momentum. He meant to unify humanity at that fundamental point, the point of religion. Of open controversies in public, he had engaged in many. The masses had been literally electrified by the successes he had won in public debate. Of the art of religious polemics he was a past master. As a means of proselytisation of the masses, the method had succeeded wonderfully. Such debates, however, could be won even by tricks. In public it was the art that triumphed, not necessarily the truth of the triumphant disputant. Of the spiritual superiority of one faith over another the common folk were the last to be efficient judges. The masses always danced to the tune their leaders set to them. Now,

therefore, Dayananda was addressing the leaders, the leaders of thought. The appeal with which he opens his *Magnum Opus*, the Satyartha Prakasha, was repeated to these men of light and leading. The Veda appeared to Dayananda to be the perfect truth. It was the primeval revelation of Divine Wisdom. From it were derived all true faiths and formulæ of religion that were swaying the minds of people in all countries. The commandments of the Veda had been adapted by Prophets and 'Princes of Peace' to suit the necessities of their own times and climes. The sages of India had compiled their *Smritis*, the apostles of Christianity their Bible, the Prophet of Arabia his Koran, and so on and so forth. If the followers of all religions were to own their common homage to that primeval Fount of Wisdom Divine, and to consent to make an adaptation of their temporay codes so as to make them fit in with the chaged conditions of the now changed times and climes, a real foundation of human unity might be laid, and all quarrels of creed hushed for all time. The religion-rid Twentieth Century could only then be spared the ghastly spectacle of a

world-wide Armageddon, whose success consisted in part at least, in bringing to a successful close the Christian Crusades begun so far back as the 11th Century. Dayananda wanted to found world-peace on the basis of Religious Unity. To that end he made his proposal to the religious leaders of his country. They listened to him but were not prepared for an answer. The Rishi was talking in advance of the religious temper of his age.

A few years later the same proposal was made to him from another quarter. The founders of the Theosophical Society addressed to him from America a letter full of reverence and love. They accepted him as their Guru, and expressed their willingness to unite their Society with the Arya Samaj. He, they said, was to be the Upadeshaka, *i. e.*, the Preceptor, of both the societies. Prompted by devotion, characteristic of new disciples, they made a long voyage to India, and without waiting for his return went to have the *darashana* of the Guru in the midst of his tours. The connection between the associations could not, however, be long maintained.

Under the tension of difference of creeds it soon snapped. Always ready to welcome into his arms all those who joined his church, Dayananda never lost a moment in disowning, too, one who would not sincerely follow his creed. Burning with a passionate desire to see the world once more united in bonds of oneness, he could never be party to a unity founded on Untruth.

The very failure of Dayananda to realise his dream of World-Unity seems to us to be an evidence of the extreme loftiness of his prophetic vision. The Seer was looking beyond his times. The arms he stretched out to far-off America to hug to his bosom his once blood-relations, the Aryans of old times, now alas ! divided from him by borders of creed and colour, borders more impregnable than borders of configurations of water and earth, are yet visible to the eye of imagination as the brilliant arms of the rainbow enclosing in one embrace both east and west, and striving to give to the whole human race a common banner, a common insignia, a common creed, a common church.

CHAPTER X.

TOWARDS OTHER CHURCHES.

THE attitude of Dayananda towards what are regarded as Non-Aryan faiths has been considered—wrongly, to be sure—to be hostile. His mission has been considered to have been to extirpate all systems, it is thought, except his own, which he wanted to build on the ashes of the former. In more places than one, he makes his position on this point clear. Truth, he was of opinion, could only be one. In religious verities he perceived mathematical exactness. Religion, no doubt, deals with infinite entities. But so does higher Mathematics, too. His quarrel was not with the number of churches; they might be multiplied to any figure. As long as they were the various applications of the simple univerval principles under-lying all religions, applications designed to meet the

exigencies of time and clime, he was ready to support them. His denunciations—and in these he never minced matters—were directed against superstition and practical barbarities, in vogue in the name of religion. For men of every inclination his heart was burning with love. He wanted to set all on the right path. All faiths prevalent in his day were, he thought, aberrations from the Veda. His mission was to restore them to their original purity and perfection. What of truth was in them was of the Veda, and hence quite as dear to him as that primeval Scripture, which he regarded as the sole repository of truth undistorted, wisdom undefiled.

How else could be explained the tolerant and peaceful affection shown invariably to him by those whom the world would regard as his adversaries? Mohammedan fanaticism was in his time at its highest. No Arya Samaj had, by that time, by its incessant propaganda toned down the opposition of its opponents. The Mullahs and Padres saw, for the first time, their, what they regarded, sacrosanct faith denounced freely and without a hitch, Christians and

Moslems have, after Dayananda, created trouble a great many times. Who prevented them from doing so in his very face ? Was Dayananda milder in his refutations than his followers have been after him? Not a bit. His attacks are in their point keener, in their vehemence bolder. Only, the spirit that prompted them was the spirit of love. He never attacked with a view to lay bare the weakness of his opponents. Victory was never his ideal. We have already in a previous chapter referred to the triangular controversy held at Chandpur. The statements of all the three parties have been presreved. One point that strikes the reader is the total absence in them of acerbity. The Moulvi, the Padre, and the Swami, speak out, all their minds freely. The theories of the opponents are examined and discussed by them thread-bare, but personalities, as also the dignity of the faiths they profess, are left scrupulously untouched.

Sir Sayad Ahmed Khan was among the devoted admirers of the Swami. He never lost an opportunity of seeing him daily, whenever his presence in the same town or city

made such visits possible. Similar, too, was the practice of Reverend Scott, priest in charge of the church of Bareilly. So deeply impressed was the Swami with the reverence that Scott showed him that he gave him the affectionate title, "Bhakta Scott." Once after the lecture of the Swami was over, it was found that Bhakta Scott had not come to attend it. It was Sunday, and the Bhakta, they said, might be conducting the service in his church. The Swami wended his way to the church of Bhakta Scott. The latter, as soon as the news was carried to him of the Seer's coming, came out to receive him and requested him to deliver *his* sermon that day. Man-worship was the subject that the Swami chose for his sermon. The audience stood spell-bound, and the reverend father himself had nothing but admiration for the remarks of the Sage. The moral of the incident is obvious.

A similar happening is reported to have taken place during his stay at Lahore. He had been invited to the place by Brahmo Samajists who had hoped to make him the preacher of *their* principles. Where there were points of difference

between their faith and his, they thought they would be able to convert him by their superior reasoning. Two lectures did the Sage deliver from the pulpit of the Brahmo Samaj. The first was on the infallibility of the Veda, while in the second he established the doctrine of transmigration. Now these two were the points on which he was non-Brahmo. Finding themselves unable to question his reasonings in public, the Brahmos stopped his preaching from their platform. The Sanatanists were never prepared to admit him into their temples. A Mohammedan physician, Rahim Khan, was at last found ready to lend him his bungalow for both his residence and lectures. His hospitality the Swami requited, strangely, by making refutation of Islam the subject of his first discourse at his house. Somebody objected that the Swami's conduct on the occasion was marked by gross ingratitude. Was it so ? asked the Swami of the doctor. The latter smiled saying that the objection was not his. The Swami forthwith began :—Cruelty could not daunt him, nor could hospitality allure him. A bungalow was a very low price with

which to buy away his truth. His life had been passed in the open, where the azure sky was his pavilion, bare earth his floor and bedding. He could revert to those former haunts of his and summon his audiences there. The men of the world were kind in asking him to their houses. He, too, was grateful for the offer, which he meant to repay in his own, his most valuable coin. He had no money, no wealth, no earthly belongings. He had bargained away his whole life for a glimpse of unalloyed truth—no unprofitable bargain to be sure. That same glimpse was he going to share with the doctor. Was he ungrateful ? The whole audience shook their heads. They were all deeply moved.

Such, gentle reader, was the spirit that underlay the thundering denunciations of Swami Dayananda, which spared neither friend nor foe, and for which every evil, whether of India or of outside, was an evil and every good, whether foreign or native, was good. He was free, undaunted, prejudiced, loving only truth, condemning only falsehood. In this he never made a compromise. Yet at the bottom of his condemnation

there lay flowing unceasingly a stream of love and compassion, love for all those that lived, compassion for those of them that were misguided.

CHAPTER XI.

THE BRAHMACHARI.

LIKE several other Sanskrit terms, the connotation of which is peculiar to Sanskrit literature alone, the word *brahmachari* defies all efforts at translation. English expositors of the Veda have construed it as 'Vedic Student.' The translation is apt but leaves the original term as difficult of comprehension as ever. In the sense of a student, the use of the term is too technical. The connotation of the word 'student' is too narrow to express what is understood by the original word *brahmachari*. A householder, a married man or woman is termed even in the smritis a *brahmachari* or *brahmacharini* provided he or she observes continence, the principal rule of *brahmacharya*. It is possible to bring out in one word or phrase this or that phase of *brahmacharya*. The whole connotation of the word

brahmacharya can be expressed by no other single word or phrase.

As a student we have seen Dayananda roaming in the woods. He ended his scholastic career in the *Pathashala* of Guru Virajananda, and though to the end of his life he was a student of the Veda, it was not his study of the Veda alone that marks him out as a *brahmachari* par excellence. The face of the Arya Samajist glows as the idea crosses his heart that his Guru was a *Brahmachari*, a *Ba'la Brahmachari*. What does he mean when he thinks and glows so? Does he mean that the Great Apostle remained celibate throughout his life—he did not marry? Dayananda has laid great stress on the duty of marriage from which he exempted only rare individuals like himself whose life is wedded to the other all-absorbing duty—Service of Humanity. Their affections they cannot share with any other beloved, Nor is every servant of Humanity necesarily a *brahmachari*, though it is enjoined he should be one. *Brahmacharya* again is of the mind, and of speech, and of action. The three co-ordinated—purity of *manas* mind, sexual purity of *va'k*

speech, and sexual purity of action constitute together what is called *brahmacharya*. *Brahmacharya* to us conveys that chastity of one's conception of woman, which translates itself, in action, into heroic gallantry such as practised by knights of old, in speech into courtesy towards the weaker sex, and in thought into reverence and adoration of womanhood. From of old an idea of divinity has been associated with the idea of womanhood. That idea is the idea underlying the word *brahmacharya*. And in this section we shall speak of Dayananda as a *brahmachari* with that exquisite idea underlying that term.

Generally it is the unmarried that are the most rude to women. Celibacy has an association with it of contempt of women, especially those in the married state. Mary has perforce to be made a virgin, in order to deserve the adoration of a Christian world. As fate would have it, humanity conceives sin at its birth. The fall of Adam is repeated every time a human child passes through the womb of a mother. To a Christian, marriage is an animal necessity. To the Arya, it is a sacred duty, a sacrament attended

and partaken in by *Devas*. All depends on the attitude that a religion evinces to this necessary inter-relation between the sexes.

Dayananda did not marry, but did he on that account despise the married state? Did he, being celibate, evince a disgust of the tender, motherly sex. He could not adore a woman as wife, but to him was open another, a higher vista for the idolisation of woman. He had been a son, and for that a fondled son, perhaps too much so. He could not, when grown up, forget the lavish affection of his too fond mother, which alone had reared him up into a sweet, a lovely child, one a little wayward too, inspite of the harsh, hard as wood, punctilious religiousness of his father. As in his youth he went about in the wide world, the world both of men and women, he came across many maidens and many damsels and in each of them he recognised a replica of his own mother, the mother in whose lap he had lain in childhood.

Once when he was a student reading with the eyeless sage Virajananda, he went out, as was his wont, to the bank of the Jamna for his bath and prayers. He sat, no body knows how

long, immersed in his *dhyana*. As he opened his eyes and was preparing to rise, he perceived the touch of a female head, the head perhaps of an elderly woman, bent low at his feet. He at once felt that the incident was a reversal of a *Brahmachari's* conduct and that expiation, *prayashchitta*, was necessary. He ought to have bowed before a woman rather than have received her homage. For three days and nights he kept away from the Guru's hermitage. Near by the bank of the river there lay a ruined building. There he sat, meditating over his sin, without food, without rest. And when from this self-torture he returned to his Guru, and told him the story of his self-imposed penalty, the latter was literally in extacies over the immaculate chastity of his pupil.

Later when his fame as a reformer had spread throughout the country, and his views were a household topic among even the vulgar street people, he once went out, while in Mewar for a morning ramble. In his company were pandits of the orthodox camp. In the way all were wonder-struck when all of a sudden, as the party passed in front of a raised platform on which grew a

sacred tree, the head of the Swami bent as in salutation. To the orthodox it gave an occasion for secret glee, nay for an immediate taunt. One of them broke out: "Inscrutable verily are the ways of gods. Denounce them, decry them, they will exact their due homage even from the most heretic." Dayananda bore the mocking taunt silently, and when the Pandit had done with his raillery he pointed with a finger to a small knot of children playing under the tree. "Lo! there stands a girl, that small representation of her sex. I adore her as mother. She is my Matri-Shakti before whom I bow." The posture of the sage, more than his words, struck the whole party dumb.

The climax was reached when at Mathura, a party of ruffians, set to it by an opponent of the Swami, egged a prostitute on to get into the Swami's hut. She found him in a trance of *Yoga*. A halo of sanctity surrounded the face of the Sage. A mystic sort of light played round his whole constitution. The very atmosphere of the place at once changed the foul woman's heart. As the Swami awoke from his trance, he found a stranger,

and that a female, sitting before him, with a heap of ornaments piled in front of her, and shedding tears of penitence. "Whither? Mother!" was the hurried, and withal composed query of the divine Sage. The whole event has been treated of in another chapter, to which the reader is referred. Not the fact of conversion but the attitude of the reformer towards one who, being fallen herself, had come with a set purpose to bring about his fall too, is what strikes in our present glimpse of the *Yogi*. The incident stands out as an instance of the power not of Yoga so much, as of innate chastity. Well may the Arya Samaj glow with pride that over its head there shines the undimmed lustre of the brilliant *Ba'la-Brahmachari* whose very sight transformed the fallen and the low.

There were occasions when women sought privacy with him, and he in response denied them the privilege. That he did to save his character, by which we, of course, mean his reputation among the masses. India is a land of scandals. On sexual matters the Indian mind is most touchy, and most especially prone to doubt. Nor is it safe to encourage free intercourse between strangers of the opposite sex.

The Shastras prohibit privacy even between sisters and brothers, fathers and daughters. Only mothers are allowed to sit in loneliness with their sons. And mothers are an embodiment of sexual purity, of divine sinlessness. They are Madonnas. For Dayananda it was essential to set a sound example for his followers. To him whole womankind were Madonnas, yet to others they were not, and as an *acharya*, he had in his outward conduct to play ideally the part of those others.

Dayananda was conscious of the handicap that his sex laid on him in acomplishment of his mission to reform the whole humanity. To his own personality only half mankind could have access. It was the dearest dream of his heart that one from the tender sex itself should supplement his propaganda, by carrying on similar propaganda work among females. To this end he undertook to teach Ramabai, a woman-pandit. Under proper safe-guards he consented to give her lessons in *shastric* lore. The letters that passed between the two have been preserved. They are brimful of affection and reverence, and every word in them breathes the burning desire of the Sage that

a woman *rishi* might rise from among the woman folk of the day, and promulgate, as did *rishikas* in days of yore, the sacred Vedic lore among her sisters. Woman to him appeared to be spirituality incarnate. It was a part of his programme —and that by no means a mean part—to restore the maternal sex to its pristine pedestal of motherly glory and divinity, a pedestal which in his heart the sex already occupied; and this, in essence, was his *ba'la-brahmacharya.*

CHAPTER XII.

THE PATRIOT-POLITICIAN.

DAYANANDA was no doubt a cosmopolitan sage, but all the same he was both a patriot and politician. He has been recognised as the precurser of a new age, of new moral values—new not to him but to the rest of the world as that world was living and thinking at the time when he appeared on the scene. His ambition was to see a reformed world, not simply a reformed country. We have already related how he welcomed into his arms disciples from far-off West. All this shows that his sympathies were human, not narrowly national. For the success of his very cosmopolitanism, however, it was necessary that he should fix a centre, whence he should start his centrifugal activities of his universal mission. Lest your love of man should, in your vain ambition to enclose at once a whole universe

in your necessarily narrow arms, evaporate in a fancy, a dream, on account of the very absence of a practical scheme before you--for in the world as it exists to-day, there is very little possibility of formulating one—of bringing by the force of any idea, the whole human family under one roof, it is necessary you should begin showing your immediate affections to your immediate neighbour. Patriotism, unless it prejudices the interests of another country is a necessary factor of cosmopolitanism. Dayananda's own country was, in his day, in the hard grip of a foreign exploiter. It was economically, politically, and culturally being treated as a helot of the rest of humanity. It appears to us to be a divine providence that to arrange for them, as it were, an appropriate schooling, nature gives birth to the redeemers of humanity in places where humanity is, at the time, in direct woe. In subject communities the spirit of cosmopolitanism finds a favourable soil. From their own experience of foreign tyranny, such communities naturally develop world-wide sympathies for fellow-men. The danger of this spirit is that over-worked and over-strained it translates itself into indifference of one's own country. Sloth-

ful souls find in the easy flights of this flimsy spirit, a convenient refuge from the hard tiresome struggle that goes on at their doors. Slogans of world-wide sympathy are the easiest to cram and parrot-like repeat when the time comes to respond to patriotism's call. To religious reformers, the temptation to avoid this earthly struggle appeals most naturally. Their field is spiritual. For the things of the earth there is no place in their heavenly cares and sympathies.

Not of such fibre was Dayananda's constitution made. Politics appeared to him to be the controlling factor of human life. Unless that factor is purged of its impurities, no religious uplift will help suffering mankind. More than half the ills of humanity have their root in perverse politics, and if religion should forego addressing itself to this most important and most comprehensive field of human action, it confines itself to an incredibly narrow region, a region virtually of imbecility and impotency. All religions that have made their mark on the history of mankind began from moral and social reform and ended with political upheavals. Morality exerts its greatest momentum in politics, and politics in its turn, has its ripest fruit in the furtherance of public and private morality of citizens.

Dayananda's most pathetic prayers, those that gush from his heart, are the prayers that seek to remedy the ills of his country. The very word *Swarajya*, which to-day is India's watchword, was first used in its present political bearing by Dayananda. The death of the sage occurred before the Indian National Congress came into being. But he had not only formed a dream of democracy, a dream which is flitting before the country to-day, but had also given that dream, his dream of plebescite, a practical shape in the constitution of his Arya Samaj. It is in this society that both majorities and minorities have at their command an effective instrument of giving expression to their views. Any school of opinion that can rally round it ten voters may have one member in the executive body of the Samaj. The Congress has yet to take its cue from Dayananda's scheme of political constitution.

Dayananda was the greatest respector of the people's conscience. Only he would train that

conscience in the proper way. He would have every country, great and small, free to rule itself. In case a nationality breaks an inter-national convention, or for that matter conducts itself in a manner prejudicial to the interests of mankind, or in its internal management tyranny holds sway, in case, in short, something happens which necessitates interference from outside, Dayananda would permit such interference, even by the force of arms. He, would, however, insist that this interference should be a transitory step, designed simply to reform the conquered community. The very day of the conquest should witness a change of the governing body, which should in no case, be composed, except of the children of the soil. Trusts in the long run prove life-long leases.

In the internal management of a country, Dayananda would give the highest place to enlightened self-sacrifice. He would set no monetary value on educational qualifications. Voluntary poverty appears to him to be the badge of piety and learning. Those with the least wants, and therefore the most selfless, should have the greatest hand in the administration of the realm. The executive belongs to others, but the inspiration

and the determination is necessarily theirs. At the head of the government should be the King. His office is not necessarily to be hereditary. The people choose him, and the choice lasts for his life, unless something disqualifying him for the office takes place in the interim. His person is as much subject to the judicial codes of the realm, as that of his meanest subject.

To assist him, there are to be three assemblies, devised for the administration of affairsrelating to legislature, Dharma, education, Vidya, and executive functions, Rajya, respectively. Education, no less than legislature, he would have free from the control of the executive, to obviate the possibility of this most powerful humanising agency in the civic life of the community, being subordinated to selfish political ends. Justice he would leave in the hands of Brahmans, those highly erudite but having no pecuniary interest in developing the resources of one class of subjects at the cost of another.

As to the means he would allow for the redress of the people's grievances, he has given his sanction to every variety of protest against, and remedy of, political tyranny, beginning from

verbal appeals and ending in armed revolts. Of non-co-operation, propounded by Gandhi, not only the creed, but every single item of the practical programme also, is suggested by Dayananda in his books. He was both a co-operater and a non-co-operater. What particular weapon should be employed at a particular time is to be determined by the occasion. In the nation's armoury, however, there should not be scarcity of munitions of war, of any quality and of any brand. To co-ordinate the administration carried on in various ways in various countries, he would have an International Congress, presided over by a Chakravarti Raja. Sanyasis to whom the whole earth is their home, should have a determining voice in the deliberations of that whole-world assembly.

Such, in brief, was Dayananda's outline of a scheme for the governance of the political affairs of the whole world and of the countries which compose it. He would leave every country to develop its own culture. Only, that culture should not become a *kultur* with menace to the rest of humanity. Dayananda was in favour of encouraging Swadeshi. The ordinary wants of the inhabitants

of every country should, he says, be supplied within that country. For food and clothing especially, no land should depend on another land. It was at Wazirabad that the Sage asked for a knife. And when a knife of foreign manufacture was brought to him, he was wroth expressing an incensed surprise at the inability of a town, where cutlery was the chief native industry, to supply him a knife of native make. He displayed a bias in favour of native dress and native manners. His chief attack on the Brahmos was that they were discarding native modes of life. Every country has developed a set of forms, in which is cloaked that country's individuality. Unless something repugnant to higher humanity has crept into those forms, it is in the interest of the ancient culture of that country to stick to those forms and keep them intact. Dayananda, that lover of humanity at large, was, strange as it may seem, an advocate of Swadeshi—a Swadeshist to the core.

He would not relinquish the language of his country. When B. Keshab Chandra Sen regretted his ignorance of English, which circumstance, he said, incapacitated him from going to preach his

faith in England, he was ready with the retort that more deplorable still was the learned Keshab's imperfect mastery of his native tongue which stood as a bar between him and *his* people. At the door of an ancient fortress, which the British officers held in custody, he was asked, as a preliminary to admittance, to take off his turban and go in with his shoes on. No, said he, this would reverse Indian custom, which he was not prepared to do, even for a higher purpose than that of having the temporary pleasure of sight-seeing. With such patriotic prejudices, Dayananda was yet a cosmopolitan sage of the first brand. His was a mixture, a chemical union more properly, of the love of man and the love of his country. To him the two loves appeared to be but two forms of a higher love, the love of his Lord.

CHAPTER XIII

A PHYSICAL COLOSSUS.

DAYANANDA'S greatness lay not in his intellectual and spiritual excellences alone; his body, too, was no less a prodigy of physical strength. As he stood amidst large concourses of people, he could easily be distinguished by his towering height. The make of his whole body was gigantic. He had a bulky constitution, which, however, continuous exercise and asceticism had wrought into a solid mould of prowess and power. In his movements he was agile. As he went out for his morning constitutionals, those that accompanied him had literally to run. 'Sound mind in a sound body' was the maxim that Dayananda in his person typified. Yogis there are, who by continued fasts and self-tortures, emaciate all their limbs, so that for the purposes of physical activity, they are no better than a bare skeleton, incapable, or as some have the hardihood to assert, infinitely capable, of strenuous exertion. Such, however,

was not Dayananda's idea of *Yoga*. In his early years, before he had the good fortune to knock at the door of the hermitage of his sage Guru, Virajananda, he had learnt all the physical exercises of *Yoga*, and as he somewhere candidly admits, had derived great benefit from them. Yet what is physical is barely physical. Of real *Yoga*, which Patanjali defines as the restraint of inner and outer organs, moral rectitude is the first and foremost factor. Among *Yamas* and *Niyamas*, which according to the author of the Yoga Darshan, are the first rungs of the ladder of *Yoga*, there is prescribed *Swadhyaya*, which commentators iterpret as the study of the Veda. Thus in order to be a *Yogi*, in the sense in which *Rishis* use the term, exertion, mental as well as physical, is necessary. Both these presuppose a sound body and a sound brain. Among one of the achievements of *Yogis* is mentioned *arogya*, *i. e.*, freedom from disease. And in case a *Yogi* should rivet his attention on his body, he is said to acquire, by the continuation of that attention, an adamantine physical frame.

Such, too, appears to have been the ideal of our ancestors during, and before, what are termed in history the Epic Ages of India. The Arya warriors of old were not the human automatons

that are driven mechanically to the fields of battle today. The work of fighting for the country was, under the old *Varnashrama* system, entrusted to *Kshatriyas*, who were *Dvijas* or twice-born, having passed through a second birth by undergoing a course of intellectual and spiritual training at some *Gurukula*. Patriotism was in those times an intelligent sentiment which none but the educated had the right to cherish and profess. Those that incited men to bloodshed under holy pretences of 'maintenance of liberty,' 'love of the motherland,' etc., etc., were themselves responsible for keeping that spirit intact amidst revolting barbarities of war. The development of intellect had, thus, to go hand in hand with the development of the body.

Dayananda who has, by a devotee of his, been characterised as a glimpse of the good old India of the time of *Rishis*, typified, in him, like his forbears of old, harmonious working of all the human powers that conjointly make for perfect human growth. He was a refutation incarnate of the idea, that had of late begun to gain ground, that physical strength and prowess were inconsistent with a keen intellectual acumen. Those

that are spiritually great should also be physically great. Sunken eyes are no doubt an indication of nocturnal vigils. They, however, barbinger, also, an early imbecility, which is sure to hasten a premature decadence of the intellect. The work that Dayananda had set before himself was gigantic. It required, for its accomplishment, a gigantic physique, with gigantic capabilities of enduring gigantic strains. A few years before his death he could point to the havoc that constant exertions had worked on his once colossal body. That he could endure such incessant exertion of both body and mind up to the end of his life was due to the early care that he had, during his period of preparation, or what some call probation, for apostleship, bestowed on his gradually but harmoniously growing constitution. He had consciously developed it, consciously strengthened it, consciously hardened it, till the process of deliberate development had given him a whole, unbroken and unbreakable, vehicle of work.

Innumerable are the feats of strength that Dayananda performed and to which witnesses are found even today among old men of some of the places which he had the occasion to visit. It was at Jullundhur that Vikrama Singh, one of the big

landlords of the place, a *rais*, asked of Dayananda some physical proof of the prodigious powers with which he used always to credit practisers of *brahmacharya*. And the Sage, instead of giving an answer, was silent. After a while, the Sardar made preparation to go somewhere and a carriage, drawn by a pair of horses, was made ready for him. The Sardar sat in it, and the syce made sign to the animals to start. Finding them loth to move, he whipped them, but their obduracy was unconquerable. Looking behind, what should he see but that Dayananda stood holding one of the wheels with his hand, making it impossible for the carriage to move. At Wazirabad in the course of a lecture, he held up his hand and called to the wrestlers that had mustered strong in the audience, to come and lower it. None of those present had the courage to answer the challenge. Passing through a lane he was, all of a sudden, confronted by a huge bullock, which, from its reddened eyes, appeared to be infuriated. Nothing daunted he pressed on, while his companions stood behind, thinking to find out some way of avoiding the ferocious beast. Later when they

had joined him,—in what way they crossed that lane blocked by the beast, is not known—one of them inquired of the Sage as to what he would have done if the animal had attacked him. He closed both his fists and said, he would catch it thus by the horns and force it back. A constable, who had kept watch for the night, sank terrified on the ground as he perceived the gigantic figure of the Sage advancing towards him in the early dusk of the dawn, when the *rishi* was probably returning from his *yogic* meditation in some silvan solitude.

At Karanvas he made objection to the *ra's-lila*, or dance performance of characters representing Shri Krishna and Radha, arranged under the orders of a Thakur, by name Karan Singh. The latter, getting incensed, came to the habitation of the Sage, armed with his sword, and after a furious altercation, actually advanced to strike him, when lo ! the Sage leapt from his seat, and with the alacrity of a practised warrior, wrested the sword from the rude assailant's hand, and resting it on the ground pressed it so that it broke in two.

Dayananda never aggressed in fighting. Nor did he ever evince a desire of making show of his physical indomitability. Even when acting on the defensive he invariably spared his opponent. His sublime vow of Sanyas prevented him from pressing his advantage further. Yet the consciousness that he had with him an immense store of strength on which he could draw at the time of need, made for self reliance, so that he went about quite undaunted, wherever and whenever exigencies of his mission to spread Vedic culture drove him, often alone in the face of odds.

Physical power, to-day, is the dire need of society. In fields, political, religious, and communal, strong invincible bodies are in great requisition. They will aid in fighting patriotic battles. They will save communities from the onsets of other communities. They will, above all, help in carrying the message of the True Faith to lands where barbarism rules, and culture, unless it has, to shelter it, if need be, an invulnerable shield in the shape of a strong physical constitution, is sure to succumb. Let Dayananda then, the Dayananda that was indomitable, as much by

dint of his adamantine physique, as by the wonderful radiance of his intellect and the marvellous magnetism of his spirituality, serve as a model for that hankering humanity, which is impatient to press its pace in fields alike of politics, of scientific research, and of religion.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE EDUCATIONIST.

DAYANANDA wanted to reform humanity at its source. He was conscious that the future of the nations buds invariably in the hearts of their young hopefuls. In order that the reform you make may be permanent, plant your spirit in the hearts of the future citizens of the commonwealth. Spare not the youth. They will help you in moulding the character of the generations to come. To give the hearts of youngsters the trend you will, their immediate elders are a powerful influence. Utilise them therefore, as an influence, but your main hopes should be centered in the citizens that are to be. Look for the fruits of your efforts from generations yet unborn. It is to this end that Dayananda has devoted many chapters of his books to the question of education. To this topic he reverts every now and then. Young children

appear to occupy a very tender corner in his affectionate heart.

He started a school or two, but finding the attempt premature, and therefore at the time futile, had to close them down. The atmosphere in which seminaries to his heart could flourish was yet to be created. The boys of the day were not fit to be received in schools of his designing. Nor were teachers available, to whom the sacred charge of his educational mission could be entrusted. Education, as Dayananda would have it, begins from the mother's womb. Preparations have to be made long, even before conception, to make that womb a fit receptable for a worthy promising soul. For, according to the *Arya Shastras* the character of the *atma* that enters a mother's womb depends on the spiritual characteristics of the mother. Your invocation, the spirit that characterises your *prána-pratishtha*, determines the grade of the deity that will, with its presence, enliven the idol. For long months the aspiring parents remain in close commune, paving by their sound musings the way for the advent of a blissful beneficent soul. The more carefully they observe the injunc-

tions of the *shastras* in this respect, the more confident they can be of having sound, worthy progeny. Their concern increases, as the expected boon is vouchsafed. During the whole period of pregnancy the mother has to be on her guard against all sorts of mishaps. An unworthy idea of the mother may mar the mind of the child for life, and be carried perchance also to the generations that are to come after him. For five years the chap is nursed and trained by the mother. He learns the alphabet with her. Without overburdening his brain, an attempt is made to stuff his mind with wholesome maxims, and easy verses, full of useful instruction. During early years the memory of a child is very keen and retentive. Unless you give it something salubrious to retain, it will run after questionable matter—some street slang or filthy abuse.

Before the age of eight the child should go to school. This should be a compulsory duty, for the timely discharge of which the parents of both boys and girls should be responsible under the laws of the state. Every attempt should be made to give all children of the land the advantage of a

second birth, as authors of *Arya Shastras* delight in terming the process of education under a *Guru*. A child, found naturally unfit to be taught, can alone be excused. To such are entrusted the duties of a *Shudra*, menial servant. Any the highest lineage should not exempt him from being so classed. For in the interests of society conventional privileges of individuals have of necessity to be sacrificed.

According to Dayananda's scheme—and that scheme was formulated in conformity with principles enunciated by the ancient *rishis*—schools, whether of girls or of boys, have to be located at a distance from townships and cities. Considerations not only of health, but also of the moral welfare of the student community render this isolation necessary. For the cultivation of a spirit of learning and meditation, solitary seclusion is essential—a factor that towns cannot by their very nature provide. Every little ripple that disturbs the stream of the outer communal life has its influence on the inner life-currents of institutions that have their being in it. The noise and bustle which is in the essence of town life cannot but be detrimental to the pursuit of studies.

Man learns principally from nature. In the present industrial age, the opportunities of direct contact with the virgin beauties of nature are, if any, but few. However prosaic the mind of the mechanical man of to-day may have become, the poetry that is inherent in the grand and glorious scenes of the everyday phenomena of nature appeals to it with an irresistible force. In fact it is by that poetry that the inner workings of the spirit are, in various persons, directed into their various channels. Lest later life should shut out this chance of direct vision of God in his glories, it is but befitting that the early years be passed in the open, amidst scenes of immaculate joy, of unsophisticated bliss.

Till at least the ages of 24 and 16 respectively, boys and girls live within such surroundings. The academies are all residential and the relation between the teachers and the taught is personal. In the treatment meted out to the latter, in the matter especially of their physical wants, strict equality is observed, so that differences of birth and of the pecuniary and social position of their parents are effaced, and a spirit of *esprit de corps* is cultivated by a continued life of willing co-operation and what may sound a paradox,

self-reliant inter-dependence. Contempt of poverty, and with it the spirit of self-important superciliousness seeking to dwarf the capabilities of those born only in different circumstances from one's self, a common feature of the artificial system of society of today, is by the very nature of these democratic schools, ruled out of their corporate scholarly life. The function of education is to fit the pupils for the varied role that a waits them in the civic life of the community. The old four-fold division into classes—a division that every state of society has perforce to observe, whether consciously and with deliberate endeavour to make it efficient in its working, or by letting it drift and shape itself according to circumstances is the problem before the reformer—has of necessity to be borne in mind. The present ills of nations, arising out of an inequitable distribution of nature's goods, can be cured, says the *rishi*, by the introduction a new of the now antiquated system of *varnas*. Only, you have to establish that system on a basis of righteousness. Individual merit, and not privileges of birth and inherited means, determine the occupation, and with it the social status, of a man or a woman.

Dayananda entrusts the determination of the class, mis-termed caste, to which a pupil shall

belong, to the corporation of teachers that have taught him. On this distribution of offices in the communal life hangs, as on a hinge, the future of the whole society. The executive body of the state, Rajya Sabha, gives only official sanction to the decree of the preceptors. From this the reader may imagine what great dignity attaches to the office of teacher. He decides by what means the future citizens of the country will earn their bread and what, in consequence, shall be their place in society. The treatment they will receive at the hands of their fellow-citizens, in fact their whole destiny as members of the human race, is bound up with the occupation which will give them their living, and that occupation, as we have said, is determined by the teachers.

Dayananda set his face absolutely against co-education of the sexes. Apart from moral considerations, which should dominate in the decision of matters involving continual accompaniment of the sexes, there are also educational and economic drawbacks in a system yoking persons of different sexes together. To one sex nature allots a longer period for studies than to the other, inasmuch as puberty makes its appearance in males considerably later than in females. The task, again, assigned

to the tender sex is that of mother. A considerable portion of the life of women is taken up by the duties of maternity which confines them to their home, while men are all the time free to roam where they will. Providence, it appears, has assigned the winning of bread to man, and the management of the household to woman. Such being their respective role in the economy of the community and the household, it is but meet that their training for that role be different. Discrepancies of natural temperament and constitutional make, both physical and mental, point to the same conclusion as regards the arrangement, joint or separate, for their education.

Of languages, Dayananda would begin with the mother-tongue of the pupil, the alphabet of which he would have taught in the mother's lap. Gradually as the instruction of the lad or lass progresses, a knowledge of other languages may, at the proper stage, be added. The medium of instruction can be no other than the mother-tongue. In the syllabus, too, the mother-tongue will, of necessity, be allotted, among languages, the place of honour. While other forms of speech serve some commercial or literary or scientific purpose, a purpose at best secondary, the

mother-tongue is, first and foremost, spiritual—it helps the unfolding of the soul. Mastery of one's own tongue is a perpetual joy, a joy on which the spirit may turn at any time and in any clime. The mother-tongue embodies the evolution of the race to which the individual belongs. It is the spiritual heritage of the nation which none but a bastardly offspring can forego. For the benefit of beginners Dayanada got a few primers compiled. One of these is *Vayavahra Bhanu*, a mine of sound moral instruction. Another is *Sanskrita Vakya Prabodhah.* This latter is a series of conversations on ordinary topics of daily talk. The compilation of this book unmistakably shows that the method that Dayananda would himself adopt for the teaching of a language was coversational, and that the knowledge that he would like his pupils to acquire first was practical, *viz.*, that which should help them in conducting their every day business of life. Book-lore he would add later as a further embellishment.

Dayananda, it is objected, was very fond of Grammar. Well versed in that branch of literature himself, he would place Grammar in the beginning of every course of studies that he formula-

ted. In this he differed from modern educationists. As we have pointed out above, his own first treatises written for the use of boys and girls embody a number of dialogues, showing that he would himself teach language by means of language. The *Sutras of Vyakaranam* that he would at the same time stuff into the brains of his disciples were to be at the first stage a supplementary study. The case of Sanskrit differs in one respect from all other modern languages. Grammar in those languages does not even approach the exactitude and what may almost be called comprehensive completensess of Sanskrit Grammar. In Sanskrit, grammar is a science. It is by itself a study that should ab orb the attention of the pupil if he be resolved to pursue it to the end of its abstract speculations, which latter are some very interesting theories. To Dayananda the paramount necessity of his age appeared to be that of the study of the Veda, in which the misunderstanding of merely a *Svara* or tone would cause a misunderstanding of the meaning of the verse. In the modern age

when Vedic idiom is almost obsolete, the thread of correct Vedic learning can be caught again by acquiring a mastery of the *sutras* of Panini. When knowledge of the Veda has become common, then there may be time for reading the Veda, as a part, by far the most important part though, of literature. Then perhaps scholars, acquainted by daily perusals and discussions with the shades of meaning of the Vedic diction and idiom, may find it practicable to dispense with Grammar as a preliminary to the study of the Veda.

An incident from the life of the Sage, illustrating what his behaviour towards his pupils would be, if he had the opportunity of assuming the role of a teacher, will be a fitting close to the present 'Glimpse' from his variedly instructive career. In a *pa'thashala* established by him, a wall of a room had fallen and the boys were exposed on that account to all inclemencies of weather. Coming in the course of a tour to visit that academy he perceived the inconvenience of the pupils and forth-

with ordering a thatch to be brought proceeded with his own hands to set up a wall of straw. Never disdaining labour, he was today prompted to it with redoubled impetus by the consuming love of *brahmacharis* which to him as a *ba'la brahmachari* was a passion of his life.

CHAPTER XV.

THE OCEAN OF MERCY.

A tract by Swami Dayananda is styled *Go-Karuna' Nidhi, i. e.* Treasure of Mercy to the Cow. It was circulated broadcast during his life-time. A part of Dayananada's propaganda was to preach mercy towards animals. In pursuance of this mission of his he opened a *Go-Rakhshini Sabha.* All those that believed in the necessity of the preservation of cows, no matter what was their religious belief, could become members of this society. He sought interviews with high officials, and tried to persuade the governing head of a province to take the initiative by passing in his Council a legislative measure prohibiting the killing of cows. A memorial, signed by thousands of Indians of all faiths, was prepared to be presented to Queen Victoria to urge the necessity

of making the slaughter of cows an offence under the Indian Penal Code.

All these activities were engineered by Swami Dayananda, and made so popular that even Mohammedans and Christians had no hesitation in joining this Hindu humanitarian movement. The point of view from which Dayananda approached this question was that of humanity and economics, not that of veneration for the cow, which as a tenet of the Hindu faith, causes aversion in the mind of the Mohammedan fanatic. In his brochure also he emphasised the economic side of the problem. In this way he elevated what to the Hindu is a simple Shastric behest, to be blindly beleived and carried out, to the high level of a dictate of enlightened rationalism. By means of mathematical calculations he made out the greater utility of using the cow as a milch animal than that of using beef as an article of food. On medical grounds, too, he prohibits the use of meat.

The cow appeared to Dayananda to be the connecting link between men and animals. His advocacy of the preservation of cows was in fact advocacy of the preservation of all animals. This

view of his is reiterated by him in more than one place. He permits the practice of hunting to the *Kshatriya*. This is to be a part of his training. The object of the art is to teach him manliness, which, as the word implies, should always succour the weak and keep the cruel in check. Those beasts of prey, which are a danger to human beings, are alone to be destroyed and killed. A *raja* that indulges in the pursuit as a pastime, commits, according to Manu, whom Dayananda approvingly quotes, a sin which the laws prohibit.

In matters of food the Arya Samaj is a vegetarian society. It is a manly faith, including chivalry to the weak in its broad conception of manliness. Even eggs and fish, which certain vegetarian associations of the West regard as premissible food are not at all allowed to the Arya Samajist. As an instance of the humanity of Dayananda we shall quote an incident from his life. It was at Datarpur that while returning from a ramble, he came across a bullock cart, which somehow had got stuck in the mud. The driver of the cart stood on the bank of the slough. He had a big staff in his hand, with

which he was beating the bullocks very hard. The dumb animals had exercised their whole strength, but finding the task beyond their conjoint efforts, stood tamely suffering the tyranny of their master. The latter, too, was tired, as his hard breath abundantly showed. Dayananda, as he sighted this spectacle, was deeply moved. He lost no time in hastening to the scene of misery. Taking off his clothes he relieved the bullocks of the burden of the yoke, which forthwith he placed on his own neck, and lo! the cart was out in an instant. With what grateful eyes the carter viewed the Sage, as he moved away, and what profound sense of thankfulness his provident aid evoked in the hearts of the tame speechless animals, is for the reader to imagine.

The *Ahinsa* followed by Dayananda is no whit less than that practised by Buddha. Himself a Brahmana, and that, too, in the highest stage of renunciation and love, viz. that of *Sanyasa*, he never took up a weapon even to hit back an adversary. His was a vow of absolute tolerance. He saved himself without hurting others. When not yet a sage, he relates how he once met a wild boar, and

perceiving that the animal would attack him, he only lifted up his huge staff and the beast disappeared. Patanjali, in his *Yoga Darshanam* mentions a *Siddhi*, *i.e.* a yogic achievement, by dint of which the practiser who has purged his mind of the very idea of violence is not only himself immune from the violence of others, but even such brutes as nature has made mutually inimical forget their malice in his presence. Till that stage is reached, self-defence is under Arya laws a duty. Men and women of all classes and of all *Ashrams* are called upon to keep themselves equipped against attacks. The same law applies to communities and nationalities. The carnage that a war occasions is nowhere denounced as a sin. To Shri Krishna, on the contrary, the shedding of blood on such occasions appears to be a specially meritorious act. He urges Arjuna to enter war as he would enter an unbarred gate of heavenly bliss. Dayananda, while he lays great stress on mercy, takes care that the sentiment of mercy should, on no account have an enervating influence on the temperament of those who cherish it. It is the

strong, those, *i. e.* who if they were so minded, could hurt and even kill people, that can save men. Mercy, according to Dayananda, is a brave sentiment.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SAVIOUR.

WE have seen in the preceding chapter how Dayananda's love flowed evenly towards all creatures. His mercy blessed both man and beast. The affection he felt towards his fellow-beings was broad-based on a desire to do good to the whole world of being. The interests of the whole, he always placed above those of a part. Society, or what is the same thing, community, he ever viewed as standing higher than individuals. Among creatures, too, he recognised grades. Man, to him, was the lord of creation, not that he should tyrannise over his fellow-beings, but that he should be their guardian and protector. This he thought to be the essence of all lordship. The glory of man, he says, is the love he evinces to

his fellow-creatures. He may utilise them, yoke them to his service, but he should use them in a way to indicate clearly that he and they are of one family. Such is the ancient teaching of the Vedas, and Dayananda, as we have said elsewhere, embodied in him the primeval lessons inculcated to mankind at the dawn of creation.

Dayananda was conscious that for the preservation of human society, for its maintenance in a firm state of stability, Justice, both divine and human, has been devised to act as a powerful lever. The law of Karma works unobserved, but sure. The wheel of divine equity turns slowly and invisibly, but it grinds fine, it grinds hard. It is because of that wheel that the machinery of the Universe is working. In the stern decrees of Providence, however, the tone dominant, it may be perceived is that of graciousness, of mercy. Of the whole music of divine dispensation, love is the keynote. Even the wrath of the Heavenly Father is expressed in notes pitched in that soft key. To human beings is entrusted the task of the reformation of man. As

the goal even of divine justice is the uplift of human beings, so, too, is human equity ordained to temper itself for that goal. The human culprit should be treated in a manner that should tend to his betterment in future. With this object in view are the present jails, courts, and police establishments condemned by modern reformers. With crimes, the latter have no sympathy. They wish to save humanity in which they include also the worst criminal. They will punish the latter in a way to make of him a better man after he has been punished.

Punishment, according to the divine code, should vary, not with the degree of seriousness of the offence, but with the temperament, the degree of tractability, of the offender. To some stern justice will do good; to others a modicum of mercy will prove the elixir of life. The most incorrigible felons have been known to have reformed, as if a sudden metamorphosis had taken place in them, at an unexpected expression of kindness, or as a result simply of a sympathetic look of a really forgiving magnanimous soul. The glance has gone deep into

them; it has changed their very nature. Such a great soul was Swami Dayananda. Himself ready to bear the bitterest fruits of his actions of both past and present lives, his attitude towards those that offended him was one always marked with love and highest magnanimity. In the criminal code which he would enforce in an ideal Arya kingdom, he prescribes very condign punishments for seemingly small offences. His idea there is to strike terror in the hearts of the people. He would minimise the frequency of punishments, even though he should add to their stringency. Where, however, his personal dealings with those that do wrong to his own person, are concerned, he is the most forgiving, especially in cases where those wrongs befall him in the course of his preachings.

The cruelty of his opponents at the close of the controversy at Kashi has already been dilated upon. At Amritsar, while he was delivering a discourse to a large and heterogenous audience, a section of hearers appears to have taken offence at his bold denunciation of superstitious untruths. They began to throw brickbats at him. He, however, remained firm where he was, saying with a complaisant smile that where that day

stones were showered, time would come when people would welcome him with similar showers of flowers. The prophecy, if not fulfilled in his own case, has come true in the case of his followers. The latter have many a time been garlanded amidst highly enthusiastic audiences of Amritsar.

At Wazirabad, too, a similar incident is reported to have taken place. There a piece of stone struck his forehead, whence blood began to ooze. The *Rishi* wiped off the blood with his handkerchief, and went on with his lecture. How Rao Karan Singh attacked him with a sword, and when repulsed in the onset was spared by the *Rishi*, has been noticed in a previous chapter. The climax was reached when attempts at poisoning the *Rishi* were discovered by his devotees and the culprits let go as a result of his sweet magnanimous command to that effect.

A Brahman at Anupshahr one day brought to him a betel leaf, which the *Rishi* readily took and began to chew. Something in its taste, however, made him suspect there was poison in it. He forthwith stood up, and without letting an inkling drop to those that sat round, went straight to the

river which flowed by. Among the exercises of yoga, of which he had learnt a great many during his early wanderings, there was one *Neoli Karma*. This exercise he performed with the water of the Ganges, and thus disgorged what of betel had by that time passed down his throat. The Brahman had in the meantime fled from the *Rishi's* hut, but the rascally attempt he had made became known in no time. The Tahsildar of the place, a Mohammedan, Sayyad Muhamad by name, was an admirer of the Swami. As he heard of the horrid happening, he was quite upset, and the whole machinery of investigation and inquiry he had at his disposal he set in motion to find out the poisoner of the Swami. And he succeeded at once in getting hold of the fellow. Fastened in fetters he brought the latter to the residence of the Swami, and said, the days of the wretch had apparently been numbered, for law would surely condemn him to death.

Did this sight please the Swami—the sight of humble devoted service by a Mohamedan admirer of his? It did. Only, the devotion was misplaced. It had placed a man, a fellow-being of Dayananda,

in chains. The *Rishi* instead of evincing his gratification, reprimanded the Tahsildar. "Liberty is my mission. I have come to loosen, not to fasten afresh the chains of humanity." Such was the stern and yet loving rebuke which that Saviour of man administered to one, who had, in his name, fettered a fellow human being. The sight was for gods to see and bless. A similar scene was enacted when the Sage lay affected again by a similar dose of poison, this time beyond even his yogic capacity to disgorge it. Death in this case was certain. Mercy is easier to exercise when at least one's own life is safe from danger. There is a sense of hilarity consequent on a man's own escape from death. He may celebrate the occasion with a magnanimous award of forgiveness to his would-be assassin. It is under the dreadful shadow of death that the tenderness of a human soul, however loving and broad-minded, is subjected to a severe test. And yet Dayananda had not the least hesitation in giving Jagannath, when poisoned beverage was making its tragic effects already felt in his bowels, not only a free pass out of his house at

a time when none would detect him, but some amount of money also, with which he might make good his escape from the territory of the British Sarkar. Later when the memory of the Sage had made him an idol of his people, Jagannath is said to have been observed weeping. The idea seemed to have taken possession of him that he had put a premature end to the life of a humanitarian sage, for which sin there could be no expiation. Ah! he had ruined himself—ruined his very soul! Was not the mercy of the Sage a severe punishment, and in the guise of a punishment a sure reformation as well?

CHAPTER XVII

THE REDEEMER.

DAYANANDA opened the doors of the Vedic church to any that would like to enter. 'Knock and it will be opened to thee,' was his magnanimous message to humanity. Not like the Hindus of his times did he regard those that were once lost as once for all lost. Both those that had in their present life renounced their belief in the Vedas, and those that had never since their birth had the opportunity to believe in them, could become members of his church. One Mohammad Umar, a Mohammadan by birth, he rechristened Alakhdhari. Several Christians, such as had since their birth been of that faith, as well as such as had for one cause or another adopted that creed, were registered as Aryas. What was required of them was only to declare that they embraced the faith inculcated by the Vedas, and they forthwith became full-

fledged Arya Samajists. The reclamation even of Malkanas, whom the Hindus are anxious to hug back to their breasts today, was initiated by Dayananda. An aged Malkana declared, a few months ago, that he had received his *yajnopavitam* from the hands of the *Rishi.*

Dayananda's redemption, however, was not only an accumulation of numbers. Creed to him was, no doubt, a great thing. For even by a lip-profession of a particular faith, one begins to act upon a few of its most outstanding principles. A Sanatan Dharmist, for instance, will not kill a cow, a Mohammadan will not eat pork. By ceasing to be a Muslim one is relieved of the obligation to perform 'Qurbani,' which involves gratuitous slaughter of innocent animals. These are vital things; and if conversion effects only these changes, it cannot be discarded. The cumulative strength of a community at the back of a system of faith, or of a compulsory wholesome course of conduct, which a church enjoins, makes the latter an effective force in the moral and spiritual uplift of humanity. Numbers, therefore, are to be welcomed as a factor in the humanising capacity of the church which

they choose to follow. Only when they become the be-all and end-all of religious movements, they prove an incurable bane of associations and communities. Their essence they sap up; what remains is an empty shell, a huge shell, but a shell without a kernel.

Dayananda's first aim was to reform 'the lowliest and the lost.' Even among those who professed to believe in the Vedas were such as, in their practice, belied those professions. Some there were whom the society had crushed down under its arbitrary tyranny of caste. They had in them great possibilities, but the opportunity to let those possibilities evolve into actualities was denied them. Others there were who, by pursuing a misguided course of action, had drifted on and on in the reverie of their wilful folly, till they stood plunged in a hopeless abyss of sin. A third group suffered on account of a superabundance of intellectual keenness, which in the absence of a competent spiritual monitor that should curb its impetuosity, was running riot with beliefs and facts. To all these classes Dayananda directed his attention.

In the short span of life that was allowed him he could only point the way. As in the matter of conversion of non-Aryas, he set examples in the redemption of degenerate Aryas also. He set the misguided on the right path. He picked the fallen up and made them stand on their own legs. All this he did, not simply by word of mouth. His personal magnetism, the bewitching charm of his chiselled soul, which made itself manifest in the ordinary acts of his every day life, was more effectual than his occasional verbal advice. The latter was, in fact, crystallised in the former. His words thus became concrete, and to the gross, whose powers of perception had been dulled by a life-long career of thoughtless indifference, the appeal of his concrete practice was greater than of his abstract reasonings. To the keen-minded, too, more could be expressed in a glance than in volumes of homilies and sermons. We shall pick up a few instances of such conversions that Dayananda made in his life-time. He pushed his pace both ways. He multiplied numbers, and made it his special business to reform each individual of them internally.

Without numbers his idea of reform should have remained only an idea; without individual reform the very numbers he had gained should have proved his stumbling block.

I.

Not a word did the *Rishi* speak when a dancing girl, set to it by his opponents, approached him with enticing mien. The syren found the Sage in a trance of *yogic* vision. The sight disarmed her quite. She fell back and retraced her steps, struggling every moment to turn back and push once more on her ugly errand, and then straggled in the midst of that attempt, to her deep dismay. A second time did the villains of Mathura egg her on. But a more glorious halo encircled the features of the Yogi this time. Instead of repulsive awe, she found in his face an inviting allurement. With an unsteady pace she ventured forward till she found herself close to the Yogi. She sat down. One by one her ornaments slipped off her arms and other parts of her body. Her eyes were filled with tears. She looked now towards the Yogi, now down on the ground, till in this attitude her

gaze was fixed. 'Will he, that deity of golden grace, deign to look at me, who am a hopeless sinner?' All of a sudden the Yogi woke from his trance. 'Why? a mother? A *ma'i*?' Whence? Wherefore here?' For the repentant soul, tenant at present of the body of a prostitute, the query was enough. 'My sins, my Master, have impelled me hither. As golden ornaments that once dazzled me, but today are relics of a remedied blindness, I make of them an offering to thee." "Of no use are they to me", cried the *Rishi*. "Go hence, mother, and make for ever thine own the spiritual vision that thou sayest thou hast found." Except for the last blessing, which was only a sequel to the process the tongue of the *Rishi* had borne no part in the reclamation of the degenerate soul. This last was a miracle of his mien, of his eyes which, though shut, were yet shedding an eloquent celestial lustre.

II.

On the bank of the holy Ganges, the *Rishi* sat delivering a sermon. All the three high-born castes, those that had undergone or

had, if they liked, the privilege to undergo, double birth, were rapt listening. From a corner of the assembly there burst on their complaisant vision a barber, a member of a depressed class—an untouchable. His hands held a plate of bread of coarse barley. With deep devotion the *pariah* placed the plate before the *Rishi*, and amidst ejaculations of open contempt, of outright disgust, stood waiting for a response from the deity he had honoured. From the corners of the eyes of the benificent *Brahman* that a moment ago was busy discoursing, there shot out glances of infinite beatitude. As his fingers advanced to cut morsel after morsel from loaves that the love of a votary had offered, his eyes shed messages of peace and affection all round.

III.

The whole assemblage was in transportations. The Speaker was delivering a divine discourse. A fallen one, a butcher whose filthy occupation it was to cut throats, was enjoying the felicitous homily, seated at a distance from the assembly. A banker happened to look that way. His gloated figu regot incensed in an

instant. His eyes were instantly burning like live charcoal. They threatened too to burn the life of the butcher away. The man of wealth foamed and fulminated. What alternative was there before the poor *pariah* but to rise and make up his mind, though loth, to leave. It was from the eyes of the Speaker that glances of love ran out and fastened, as with ropes, the feet of the butcher where they were. "My discourses are meant for butchers and their like." Thus did the tongue repeat in clarion notes what the eye had sung out in golden glances.

IV.

On his death-bed was the Sage, visited by a votary, who in faith heartfelt—devotion spontaneous, yielded to none of the most steadfast. In some sub-conscious plane of his intellect, however, he felt some doubts lurking. To the very source of inspiration he repaired, to savour that nectar in its intrinsic purity. The tenets of the *Rishi* would carry conviction, if taught by the *Rishi* personally. For a wrangle or a controversy, nay, for even a respectful request for a

solution of some of the problems of hitherto dubious solubility, there was no time. The *Rishi* lay breathing his last breaths. He looked lo! for the last time and the glance fell at Gurudatta. It was a sermon of sermons, that last glance of the *Rishi*—of queries a final answer, of arguments a convining refutation, of doubts a last solution. Aye! a reason incontrovertible, a faith above scepticism, love transcedental, peace unfathomed, harmony absolute—all these and much more was embodied in that single glance of the dying *Brahmachari*. His life-long celebacy was focussed in his last look as is a whole day's lustre in the departing rays of the sinking sun.

The last flicker of a lamp has a beauty, a charm that whole hours of steady light may well envy. It is not for nothing that a *Brahmachari* who has forty-eighty years of absolute continence behind him is termed *Aditya* in Arya Shastras. The same term applies to the sun in its undimmed brilliance in a clear sky. Both shine eye-like, one

on earth, the other in heaven. Both belie the assertion of the Hindi poet "the tougue has no eye, the eyes have no tongue." The messages of the Aditya are conveyed through the harmony of his well-set glances without the mediation of a vocal vehicle.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FEARLESS SAGE.

NELSON, when a boy, had once roamed away from his house, and after long search was found by his mother sitting on the bank of a lonely stream. The mother asked, "Did not fear haunt you, my boy, while you were thus alone?" "Fear?" said the child "what is fear? I never saw it." With some such instinct Dayananda appears to have been born. No anecdote has come to us of the days of his childhood. We meet him first when he is a grown-up boy. He wakes alone in the Shivaratri night. His undaunted courage first manifests itself when he leaves the home of his parents and has to strike out a new path, and that into a world that he has never known. Even when found out, he persists in remaining homeless. Nor does he, in that condition,

seek shelter with a moneyed *mahant*, as the generality of such exiles in such a plight invariably do. He roams about in the open under the hospitable roof of *dyauspita* 'Father Heaven. There he finds abundant shelter, abundant rest, abundant abode. And who in these surroundings form his company? The beasts of the forest, the birds of the air. It was perhaps in association with them that the spirit of absolute freedom that was innate in him—how else could he have sought such queer association? —became firmly rooted in his nature, so that when he left his silvan solitude, and began to live and preach in cities, the only regard he displayed was for what was true and righteous, not for what this person or that would say. In his deportment towards persons he was guided by right principles, not by arbitrary conventions, of conduct. A code of rules had been laid down by the ancient *Rishis*; it embodied even the minutest conventions of courtesy. The provisions of that code were not a whit incompatible with undauntedly asserting what is truth without compromising or alloying it. Daya-

nanda belonged to the highest order of preachers, *sanyasis*, whose privileges were as high as their duties were hard. Liberty of social conduct should become dangerous licence, if no distinction were made as to what sort of persons should be allowed to use it. It was the *sanyasis* before whom even rulers were required to bow, for they, it was presumed, would not make their position a position of licensed impudence. In his general behaviour towards people who came in contact with him, Dayananda was all humility, all love. He never hesitated in owning his mistakes, no matter whether a boy pointed out these or an aged veteran. It was this self-effacement that made him the beloved of men even of antagonistic creeds. But when the hour came of the vindication of truth as against falsehood, of right as against wrong, neither the position, however high, of his addressee, nor too, his own defenseless state, if he were so stationed, could restrain him from saying the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

It was on the platform of a railway station that a domineering *sahib*, travelling perhaps with

his family in the first class compartment, saw him sauntering with only a loin-cloth on. He objected to this, what he thought was, unseemly conduct. Beckoning the station master towards himself, he asked that *baboo* to please remove this nuisance. The *baboo* was in a fix. For the *Swami* he had genuine feelings of reverent affection. Of *sahibs* he felt an inexplicable awe. Ordering a chair in a place removed from the *sahib's* gaze he requested the Swami to please sit down. The whole drama behind this courteous request flashed before the imagination of the *Rishi*, who smilingly said that he surely was less sparsely clad than the primitive ancestors of mankind, the Adam and Eve of the Bible, whom even the *sahib's* family would not be loth to meet. The Englishman overheard the remark and being told that the ascetic who spoke so was 'the great Dayananda', of whom he had heard so much, came, in his humility to meet him, and ask his blessing.

At Bardwan, the collector of the district

sought the honour of an interview with the Swami. Being told that the latter was busy, and would be glad to be seen at some other time that might be convenient to the official visitor, he said he was at leisure the whole day. The Swami forthwith came out of his hut and said he had nothing to do with officials, who, with the burden of a whole district hanging on their heads, could yet find whole days of leisure. The collector, he added, was a loafer, with whom an interview would be mere waste of time.

At Bareilly the Swami was delivering a discourse at which the collector, an Englishman, was present. In the course of his lecture the *Rishi* somewhere expressed wonder at the intelligence of the Hindus who made Draupadi the wife of five husbands, and yet counted her among eternal maidens. The satire wss keen. It pinched the heart of the Hindu part of the audience. The English section, on the other hand, was instantly revulsed with joy. To them it was a

hearty joke. The turn of the Christian, however, was not far to come. Another object of the speaker's surprise, to which he next made a pointed reference, was the Christian belief in the maidenhood of Mary, who had given birth to a son. The loud laughter of the official gallery was at once hushed. The lecturer proceeded and all ended well that day. For the next day the *Khazanchi* at whose house the Swami was staying was made the conveyor of a board hint, that such bold censure of the *Sahib's* faith should not be repeated. The subject of the second discourse was 'the immortality of the soul.' While emphasising this quality of Atma, the speaker found occassion for remonstrance against the collector's insinuation of yesterday. He unhesitatingly gave that official to understand that his Atma, his real *he*, being immune from injury, it was useless under any threat, to place a restraint on his, preacher's liberty. He would say what he deemed was true, even if immediate hell were the punishment of that audacity.

Once the target of the Sage's denunciations were the superstitious whims of Jains. It was feared that the latter, in violence of their professed principles of absolute *ahinsa*, were plotting against the Sage's life. The latter, when the news was brought to him, observed characteristically that to him the refutation of Untruth which was but a preparation for the establishment of Truth, was as the breath of his nostrils. Even if somebody were to fasten him to the mouth of a gun, and before firing asked him to speak, he would recite a verse of the Veda, and denounce whatever doctrines and formulas ran counter to it. Towards the end of his life Dayananda made the States of Rajputana his immediate sphere of work. Some of the potentates of those dominions recognised him as thier Guru and profited much from his personal preceptorship. A gradual change was perceptible in their conduct, both public and private. Even the tone of their administration had begun to improve, and their subjects blessed the advant of the *Rishi* for the

betterment they experienced in the ways of the official world.

Dayananda's last trip was made to Jodhpur. Many were the dissuaders who tried to hold the Swami back from the execution of this his final philanthrophic tour. The people of that territory, they said, were uncouth. In the matter of their faith, they were fanatics. The administration, instead of being a check on their unruly temperament afforded them, by reason of its laxity, an additional opportunity for the exercise of their inbred unruliness. The Swami, however, was determined to go. Their need, said he, was great. The more stubborn the perversity of a people, the stronger should be the remedies employed to uproot it. Even if every finger of his hands were made into a taper and burnt, so that a misguided soul received from it light and found his way, he would, instead of feeling grieved, bless his stars for the mission of his life could only thus be fulfilled.

With such forebodings about the end of his

journey, Dayananda started on what was to prove, as we have said, his last expedition on his usual errand of propagation of Truth. The Raja became his disciple, and besides private lessons which he used to receive at the *Rishi's* bungalow, he used to attend also his public lectures, at which he seated himself in the midst of his subjects as just one of them. There came occassions when the conduct of ideal kings was the topic of the Swami's remarks, and as an illustration examples from the lives of ancient rajas were cited, while as a contrast the present ruler's misdeeds were held out to his own subjects as an object of denunciation.

One day the Raja invited the Swami to his private quarters. The latter went to visit him at an unexpected hour. Surrounded by his nobles the Maharaja was busy in frolics with a mistress, Nanhi Jan. Nosooner did the intimation reach him that the Sage was at hand than he ordered the removal of Nanhi Jan's palanquin. Finding the band of carriers short by one man, he himself held a side of the palanquin up. Lo! the Swami was there. The greatest haste had not carried

the litter away a moment before his arrival. The Raja stood dumbfounded like a culprit. His courtiers were confused. The eyes of the *Rishi* flashed fire. 'A base bitch frolicking in the lap of a lion? What a piteous spectacle? What, pray, would be the progeny from such a union?' With this short *upadesha* or, more properly rebuke, the Swami retraced his steps to his bungalow. The words struck the hearers with the force of an electric shock. Their influence on the Raja was wholesome, but his house became, forthwith, a hotbed of conspiracies and counter-conspiracies which cost the utterer of the bold rebuke his life, and the Raja his Rajput fame as a host. Thus were the sinister prognostications which heralded the Swami's entry into the state of Jodhpur fulfilled. But the character of the *Rishi* as a sage, devoid of fear, who in his campaign for the promulgation of Truth challenged, and even evoked danger, was established.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE LORD'S GOOD LEELA.

IT was in the dead of night that the *Rishi* awoke with pain in his belly. In a short time he had several motions, and yet the pain, instead of abating, increased. He called out his cook, by name Jagannatha, and asked if there had been any tampering with his food. The latter first denied having knowledge of any such thing, but the querry repeated once, twice, thrice, evinced a confession that he had poisoned the last evening meal. Was it the mien of the *Rishi*, his glance, his manner, or tact that brought out the avowal? The culprit, his guilt confessed, stood trembling. As he related the incident much later to an Arya friend of his, who sent the intelligence to the press, Jagannatha's greater concern was not for

the punishment he would receive at the hands of the earthly powers—for that punishment, he was certain, would be capital—but for the heinous wrong he had committed. He fell forthwith at the feet of the *Rishi*, and begged to be forgiven. He little knew that the *Rishi's* pardon would consist not only in his own overlooking the 'fault,' but would save him also from the vengeance of the earthly powers. How the *Rishi* first suggested to him, and then provided him with the necessary means with which to accomplish, an instant flight out of the British territory has been narrated in another chapter. The *Rishi* suffered while Jagannath, with the former's connivance, escaped.

The Raja soon learnt of the Sage's illness and lost no time in putting the medical aid, available in the royal medical establishment, at the disposal of the Swami. The doctor, however,—so it is reported,—became an accomplice in the fell conspiracy which Nanhi Jan was leading against the Sage's life. The whole body of the

Rishi was covered with blisters, and to the pain he felt crushing his whole body, was added the extra trouble of diarrhea, which besides continually reducing his strength, subjected him to a constantly recurring toil of standing and moving, which he in his then state of health could ill endure. The medicine administered had no relieving effect. The disease aggravated as the days passed, till every motion of the bowels began to be accompanied with a fit of senselessness.

On the seventeenth day of his dire malady, the *Rishi* determined to leave Jodhpur. The climate of Mt. Abu, he was told, was bracing. Perchance it might do him good. To the Raja this resolve of the exalted guest came as a severe shock. To his Rajput honor, bound up with the hospitable duty of looking after the welfare of his honoured visitor, who in the present case was none else but his chosen preceptor, the departure of the *Rishi* in such precarious

state of health would be a sure death-blow. He tried to dissuade the Sage but to no effect. He accompanied the litter of the Swami to some distance, and then with folded hands and eyes shedding bitter tears asked leave.

From Mt Abu the Sage was advised to shift to Ajmere. Various sorts of treatment had been tried, but none had done him any good. To the physicians it was a mystery how in the midst of such excruciating pains he not only lived, but kept also his serene composure—he not even once uttered a sigh.

One day all the attendants—all his own sincere devotees—were glad, as they noticed in the appearance of the Swami a change. He asked for a full meal. He got himself shaved, inspite of the blisters which opened as the razor passed over them and blood began to ooze from all patrs of his body. With a wet towel these tricklings were wipet off. He took a spoonful or two of the soud of grams, and them sat up in the posture of prayer. Thus seated he began to chant hymns of the Veda, prayed again in his own Sanskrit,

then in Arya Bhasha, and then inquired what was the day, the *tithi* (date of the lunar fortnight), the month, etc. The sun was sinking in the west. Twilight hues surrounded it. It was a glow as of the consciousness of a performed duty, of a great mission accomplished. The whole universe was preparing to withdraw from the hot bustle of day-time activity. Finding the moment opportune, the *Rishi* closed his eyes in consonance with the rest of nature. The glow round his face was a counterpart of the glow of the setting sun. This day instead of one, two *a'dityas* would sink simultaneously, one the sun of *Aditi*, indestructible nature, the other son of *Aditi*, inviolate *Brahmacharya*. With what solace,—heart-felt felicity, deep and exuberant felicity of the soul, the *Rishi* said, "It was a good *leela*, the *leela* played by the Divine Master. The Master's will be done!" The words escaped and with them escaped his last breath, which he with his *Yogic* mastery over *Prana*, sent out with a most complaisant ease.

The death of the Master was a scene. It

shook Gurudutta. To him it was a homily of homilies. Deputed by the Lahore Arya Samaj with an older companion to attend the Sage in his illness, he had come fully prepared to bother the *Rishi* with questions, to hold disputes on more than one knotty metaphysical problems, in unravelling which his brilliant intellect which had already secured him a record career in the University, would have an occasion for full play. The scene silenced all his doubts. He was never before such an unquestioning pupil, such a dumb disciple. The mission, henceforth, of his life became to promulgate the teachings of Dayananda—to read them, to understand them, to live them, to teach them, and to spread them broadcast. Nay, his aim was now to imbibe Dayananda into himself, not his spirit alone, his very self.

The death of the *Rishi* was henceforward to tone his life. Should it not similarly tone the lives of those that have gone through all these pages? If a glimpse of the death of a greater Christ, with Christ's own words on his lips, uttered no doubt

with a readier, a far more willing renunciation, could metamorphose the very nature of a genius physicist, a series of glimpses of the sage's life may be expected to do even more. Much, however, depends on the receptivity of the reader. Cold pages, too, with impressions on them of forzen ink will lack the vivacity of a real living life-picture.

'The Master's Will Be Done!'

Masterly words uttered with a right masterly renunciation and faith!

CHAPTER XX.

AND AFTER.

IS Dayananda now dead? What does the coming centenary mean? Is Dayananda to us a memory, which we have cherished and shall now celebrate? Is he a thing, or a person, of the past? *Rishis*, they say, are immortal. They attain to salvation. Their death is the outer consecration of the bliss they have acheived within. It accomplishes in form what their life has already accomplished in spirit. Some soul that has attained to the same height may find out what fate attended the soul of Dayananda, after he had closed his eyes upon the phenomenal universe of mortal man. To us he appears to have made himself worthy of the highest beatitude—Mukti. As he passed from this sphere, he evinced a spirit of absolute non-attachment which according to the testimony of

the *Shastras* characterises the transition of only such souls as are in that transition entering, or more properly registering their already achieved, *nirvan*. The Sage died in the happiest of moods. Not even for the Arya Samaj, to establish and organise which he had devoted the best part of his life, did he express the least anxiety. The commentary of the Vedas, which he had left incomplete, could not draw an iota of his attention when the opportunity for completing it was, with his physical career, being snatched from him. With wonder did those that stood by observe that the *Rishi* who had been so scrupulously particular about even the smallest details of the most ordinary undertakings of his life, finished his eventful career without so much as dictating at the time a final will. He was literally above all cares of either life or death. He was entering an Immortal Abode. The Bliss Eternal of the Infinite Brahma had already begun to dawn upon his spirit and as he closed his eyes, he had visions of that Eternal

Light. What else did the deathless glow on his dying face signify? The *Rishi* was dying into life, Eternal Life—a life that will extend over a *Kalpa*.

CHAPTER XXI.

GREATER DAYANANDA.

THIS from the point of view of the ishi's own soul. The immortality of a *Karmayogi*, which kind of *yogi* the Swami pre-eminently was, has, besides this individual phase, an universal aspect also. A *Karmayogi's* life is intrinsically life of the Human Society. Without robbing himself of his inward bliss he extends the sphere of that bliss so as to share it with all his fellow-beings. In collective activities he looks for the realization of his broader *siddhis* of *Yoga*. This phase of our hero's life, may, if the reader permit, be characterised as Greater Dayananda.

What, one may ask, has been the fate of that Greater Dayananda? Does that Greater Dayananda live? Has the spirit he represented become immortal? Is it working or did the spirit

of the Sage die with his physical death?

The *Rishi* stood for a time-old spiritof religion, a spirit which preceded the modern logomachies about forms and makeshifts. His was a catholic view of humanity. And though that view has not in its literal form been accepted by the followers of other faiths, his method of interpreting the ancient scriptures has been adopted by all churches. An universal attempt is observable among all faiths to find in their literature the broad principles of spiritual and moral life laid down by Dayananda. The Christian is busy assigning a metaphysical explanation to the maidenhood of Mary. The Muslim regards his *Bihisht* as nothing sensuous; to the sensual revelries he used to locate there he has long since bade good-bye. Polygamy appears to the latter to have been a temporary provision for a temporary state of society.

The orthodox Hindu has moved miles forward from his old stationary stagnance. He has raised the age of marriageability of his progeny. He recognises in practice the foundation of

castes, or better classes, on *Karma*. The recent ferment in the Shuddhi agitation has demolished the age-long walls of narrow-minded conservatism, which had confined his religious and social outlook within the borders of his community. By consenting to admit the Mohammedan and the Christian into the Hindu Church, only if the latter will subscribe to his faith, the Hindu has proclaimed the universality of the culture he stands for. A bond has thus been cemented between the dominant creeds of the world, and the long-standing complaint which humanity had against the Hindu viz. of his cribbed, cabined conservatism, has by one stroke been removed.

It was the *Mantra* of Dayananda that first sought to exorcise the ban of untouchability. Even today it is his followers that lead the van in this sphere. In Dayananda's Church the orphan and the widow have found their long-needed shelter. To the famine-stricken the aid of the Arya Samajist has proved a timely boon from On High. Education on ancient lines is being imparted in the Gurukulas for both boys and girls, while with its numerous

schools, *vidyalayas*, and *pathshalas*, the Arya Samaj has disseminated the seeds of learning broadcast among the masses. To the spread of Hindi, the common national language of India, the activity of the Arya Samaj has given a philip.

To us the Arya Samaj appears to be the immortal body of that Greater Dayananda. It is living and in the short span of existence it has enjoyed, it has leavened the spirit of the whole society in the midst of which it has worked. Its activities embrace a vast field, a field as vast in fact as humanity itself. Of the political ferment that characterises modern India, the Arya Samaj has, as was shown in a foregoing chapter, been the harbinger. Even today the brunt of the political battle is borne by the followers of Dayananda, in those provinces especially where they form a considerable section of the populace.

To the emigrant Indian whom indenture has carried overseas, the Arya Samaj affords his sole spiritual shelter. Under its wings he has rest, though miseries beset him outside. To the woe-begotten coolie membership of the Arya Samaj is

synonymous with self-reliant activity, struggle, strife, inward liberation. The body suffers but the soul has an ineffable balm.

The Arya Samaj claims to be a cosmopolitan church. It is its ambition to heal the wounds of the whole suffering humanity. All feuds that take place in the name of religion, politics, economical necessity, racial colour etc. etc., have to be hushed—hushed once for all. The panacea which the Arya Samaj proposes for all these ills is its *Varnashrama* system, which, while it assigns to the individual his befitting place in society, divides the community into mutually consonant, interdependently co-operative sections which will work towards the welfare of the corporate whole. The intellectual dwarf who will labour, and the monied *bania* and husbandman who between them will conserve the communal wealth, and the physically and mentally powerful *rajanya* who will control, organise, and defend, will all three find in the wise poor *brahman*, before whose self-imposed penury the millionaire and the crowned sovereign will out of spontaneous respect bow, who will, in a word, live like the labourer and think like

the king, a common denominator that will knit three into an intergral whole. The *Sanyasi* who evolves at the head of the *ashram* stages, will be the same *brahman* internationalised. As such he will know no home, no country, no mother or father-land. The whole earth will be his family; his voice in the councils of the nations will, thus, of necessity be supreme.

Such in brief is the dream, to the fulfilment of which the Arya Samaj is from the day of its establishment affianced. Greater Dayananda must fulfil what the individual *Rishi* began. His vision of a World Unity has yet to be realised. The culture of the ancient Rishis of Aryavarta, which Dayananda as the last of the line received as a heritage, is an international legacy. It belonged to the human world in the beginning and should as a sacred trust be consigned to its naturally rightful heirs. The world today is divided among its Churches. It needs a Church that will combine instead of dividing. The great requisite of today is Religion, not a Religion. Will the Greater Dayananda fulfil the need?

HE WILL, answers the Echo.

The works of Rishi Dayananda and all other Arya Samajic Literature can be had from :–

RAJPAL,

MANAGER, ARYA PUSTAKALYA, ANARKALI,

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